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## THE CAÑON OF THE COLORADO, AND THE MOQUIS PUEBLOS:

A WILD BOAT-RIDE THROUGH THE CAÑONS AND RAPIDS.—A VISIT TO THE SEVEN CITIES OF THE DESERT.—GLIMPSES OF MORMON LIFE.

By E. O. BEAMAN.

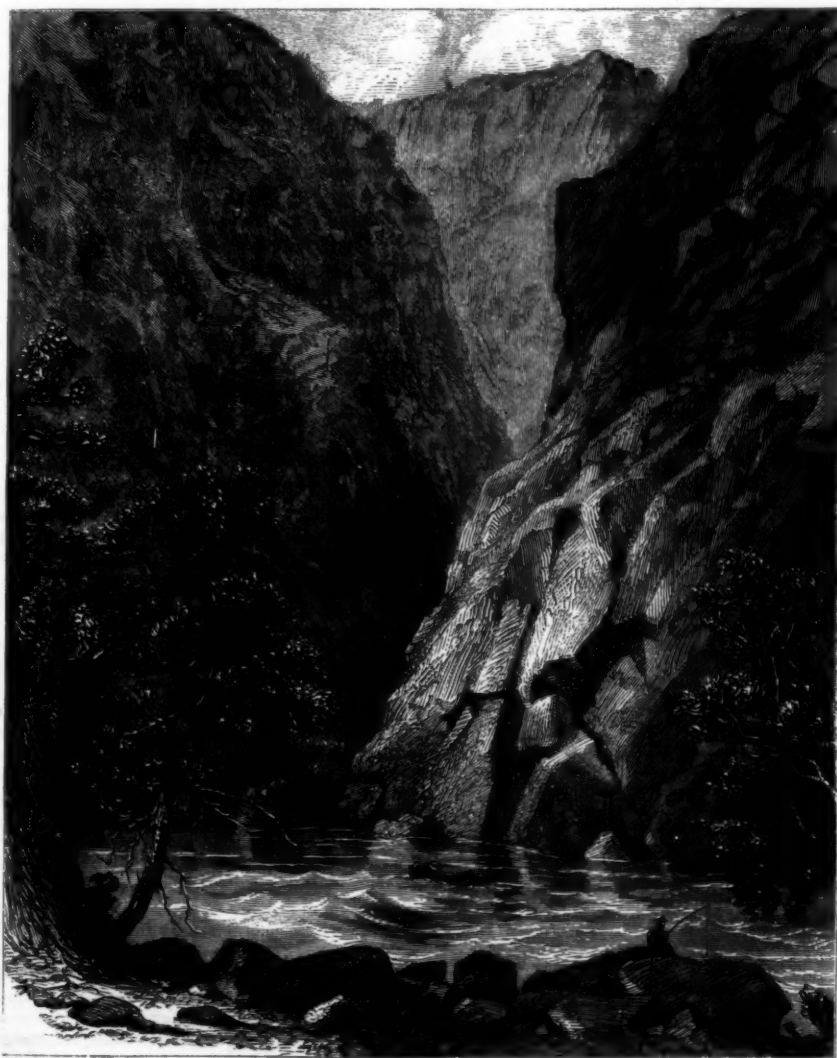
### CHAPTER II.

IT was on the afternoon of the 17th of June that we entered the celebrated Cañon of Lodore. This cañon is very narrow at its entrance, being only about one hundred and fifty yards wide. The walls, almost perpendicular, rise to the height of two thousand feet, and, like the Red Cañon, are composed of brilliant red sandstone, mottled and rainbow-tinted. Occasionally a green cedar or mountain-pine is seen clinging to its sides, adding a picturesque beauty to the place. As we descended the river, which at this point falls one hundred feet to the mile, the walls rose higher and higher, until, at the head of Disaster Falls, five miles farther down, they attained an altitude of three thousand feet.

Thus shut in by vertical walls, there was no alternative—had we wished it—but to go on. Accordingly, on the approach of night, we hauled our boats close into the shelving

rocks, and prepared to fortify by rest for the running of the most noted and dangerous rapids on the morrow. It was here that in 1869 Major Powell lost a boat, and nearly

her crew. In 1850, a party of six trappers, having accumulated a large quantity of furs at Brown's Hole, constructed a raft of three "dugouts" tied together, on which they intended floating down to the Gulf of California. Brave, reckless, and probably not realizing the appalling dangers before them, they sailed down the first few rapids in fine style. When the head of Disaster Falls was reached, instead of landing and reconnoitring, as the roaring of the cataract should have advised them to do, they dashed heedlessly along, and were carried over the falls. The raft was, of course, totally wrecked, and four of



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the men were drowned. The survivors, one of whom was Jim Bridger, the celebrated trapper and companion of Kit Carson, managed to clamber on to the rocks, and there, inclosed in a living tomb, they spent several weeks, subsisting upon berries, lizards, and snakes, exhausting themselves in efforts to find a way out of the cañon; and, finally, after three months' wandering, came into an immigrant's camp, in a famished and almost idiotic condition.

Disaster Falls consists of two steep descents, fifteen feet each, and fifty yards apart, below which, for the distance of a mile, the river presents a continuous sheet of white foam, with now and then a huge boulder that rears its ugly crest as if to fling defiance in the face of the bold *voyageur*.

To steer a boat safely through the falls requires nerve as well as muscle, neither of which was called into action at this place, so far as our party was concerned, for, deeming discretion the better part of valor, we unloaded the boats, carried their contents a mile over an extremely rocky way, then let the boats down by "line portage." Working with the utmost expedition, two days were consumed in making these portages, but they were finally successfully accomplished. A sack of flour, left here by the major's party in 1869, was discovered and found to be in excellent condition. Notwithstanding its exposure to the weather for more than two years, a hard crust had formed on the outside about half an inch thick, the flour thus hermetically sealing itself.

Four miles from Disaster Falls stand the Cliff-of-the-Harp and Wheat-stock Mountain, like two giant sentinels, stationed on either side, to guard the entrance to Triplet Falls. The Falls, three in number, as the name implies, are about twelve feet high, and one hundred yards apart. From the peculiar formations of rock, the first of these cataracts resembles the celebrated Falls of the Rhine, though of much greater magnitude. At the centre the river makes a sharp curve, thus bringing the three falls near together. The cañon at this point being narrow, and its walls thirty-two hundred feet high, the scene is one of great power and grand beauty.

Upon the morning of June 22d, the major, with two companions, started up the mountains. The left spur is called Dunn's Cliff, after one of the party who left the expedition of 1869 in the Grand Cañon, and is supposed to have been killed by the Indians while on his way to the Mormon settlements. The major returned from his climbings in the evening, having reached the summit of the cliff, which, by barometric measurement, is thirty-eight hundred feet high. On the plateau at the top they discovered what they supposed to be the ruins of a Spanish or Indian temple.

June 23d.—Made the portage round Triplet Falls. Ran three-quarters of a mile, and came to a roaring fall at the head of a rapid half a mile in length. Nothing is visible save a white streak of foam, with here and there a formidable boulder. This I name Bowlder Falls,\* having made several pictures to illus-

\*By our assistant geologist, Steward, "who never swears," this place received the appropriate title of Hell's Half-Mile.

trate the place, and retire at night blessing, like Sancho Panza, the man who invented sleep.

June 24th.—At 2 p. m. we let the boats over the rapid by line, and ran one mile to Alcove Brook, where we stopped and took two views. Pulled out again, and, having run several rapids, none of them dangerous, came out at Echo Park, having safely and triumphantly passed through the dreaded Cañon of Lodore; all of which had been accomplished in eight days, and with three portages—at Disaster, Triplet, and Bowlder Falls.

Echo Park, where we remained one week, lies at the juncture of the Green and Bear Rivers, and takes its name from the remarkable echo that may be heard here. When a gun is discharged, total silence follows the report for a moment; then, with startling suddenness, the echo is heard seemingly at a great distance—say five miles to the south, whence it comes back in separate and distinct reverberations, as if leaping from glen to glen. Louder and quicker grows the sound until apparently directly opposite, when a full volume of sound is returned; then once more the echo is heard, like the snapping of a cap, far to the eastward.

While encamped at this place, five of the party explored Bear River (Yampah) for fifteen miles, making valuable topographical observations, and the rest of us were left to our own devices.

One day Mr. Steward, being desirous of taking a careful measurement of the carboniferous rocks composing the Ribbon Cliffs, whose rising strata form a promontory, bounded upon its abrupt western slope by the Green, and upon the east by the mouth of the Yampah, started out with Clem for the purpose. The route they proposed was up the Yampah a few rods; thence to ascend a little dry creek, the cañon of which extended half-way up the ridge in a northerly direction; from this point climb over the height and descend on the other side, taking notes by the way. Having reached the summit at its lowest point, the difficulties attending the descent became apparent. By careful climbing along the ridge it was found that at every point the first two hundred feet down was vertical and sometimes overhanging. Two miles were thus traversed, and no available pass found, although with the ascent the slope seemed to become less abrupt; and, thus encouraged, they proceeded until the water in their only canteen ran low. Finally the summit of the cañon-walls was gained; and, where a brook cut its way through solid limestone, they began what seemed an easy descent down the sloping talus. By two o'clock they had accomplished three-fifths of the distance, fifteen hundred feet, when they found themselves confronted by a vertical descent of one thousand feet. Tired and discouraged, they ate a biscuit, and looked thirstingly down at the river from their narrow "coigne of vantage," formed of uncertain shale thinly bedded between heavy seams of limestone. This stratum they knew to be continuous, and dipping with the course of the river at an angle of four degrees. To follow this must eventually lead to the river, the thirst-quenching properties of which they were quite ready to test.

This seemed the most practicable course, and at once they began making their way down the narrow, treacherous shelf, arriving, after a fatiguing and perilous two-mile walk, at the point where their natural pass dipped beneath the river. It was now four o'clock, and five-sixths of the day had been spent in getting to their work, which was really only a mile from camp. Diligently they studied the strata until the sun set, and then the return became a matter for consideration. The lower portion of the cliff could be easily scaled, but the upper portion was vertical and overhanging. By examination with the glass, a pass that looked favorable was found; and, wondering that they had not seen it in the morning, they began the ascent; but, after eighteen hundred feet of hard climbing, they encountered an impassable wall of two hundred feet, and there was nothing to do but to return to the river. It was now nearly dark, and the few small ledges and crags upon which they found perilous footing offered no opportunities for rest. The moon would afford but scanty light, but their only hope was to follow the course of the river, which they did, through thorny underbrush and rose-briers, over craggy rocks, through mud, and often waist-deep in the water. At ten o'clock the rising moonlight found them, with bleeding hands, well-nigh exhausted, and hemmed in by the roaring, sullen waters on the right, and a vertical wall forming an acute angle into the very heart of the river. To go back was useless, to remain there out of the question. They looked about them for materials to construct a raft, but nothing presented itself but the stub of a single dry scrub-cedar growing in a cleft of the rock. This, they decided, would be sufficiently buoyant to keep their heads above water, and they determined to trust to it. It was easily torn from its scanty soil; and, tying fast their shoes, and securing their watches and other valuables in a handkerchief about their necks, they launched their perilous craft, and committed themselves to the mercy of the waves. For a short distance they floated admirably; but, just as they were beginning to congratulate each other upon the success of the undertaking, a roar like that of a rapid fell upon their ears. They knew there was no rapid at that point, having passed it a few days before, hence what new danger menaced them? Their anxiety, however, was soon too well justified. A salient angle in the wall jutted sharply into the current, causing a whirlpool which they were too near to avoid. Clem was not a good swimmer; and, as they neared the pool, Mr. Steward became aware that, while the cedar-stub might carry one person through, two trusting to it must be lost; so, when warned by the increasing suction that the time had come, he loosed his hold on the frail support, and trusted to God and his own muscle. The whirling waters seized him, and carried him—how far under he knew not; but, struggling against the terrible force, he struck for the surface. Several times he came so near as to see a faint line of light, and as many times was drawn under again. Respiration became an imperative necessity, and, with an agonized stroke, he gained the surface for an instant, and, gasping what seemed an eternity

of breath, was again drawn under. But that one breath had renewed his vigor and courage, and this time he gained upon the demon of the waters. The third time the current engulfed him, but its force was weakened, and he arose to find himself floating with the natural tide. But where was Clem? Ah, there, a hundred yards down!—the cedar snag had pulled him through. Shouting to him to retard the raft, Steward put out for him, while Clem strove to encourage him with incoherent cries of "Hold out, old boy, you're most here!" etc., fearing he would be exhausted. Once more floating together, their utmost energies were used to reach the camp, where they arrived about midnight, having learned a strange lesson in river navigation.

Echo Park is a valley about a mile square, surrounded by perpendicular walls twelve hundred feet high, and only accessible by water. Doubtless our expedition and the one of '69 have been the only ones that have ever visited it.

On the 3d of July we broke camp, and again set out, entering Whirlpool Cañon soon after. The descent of the Green River at this point is thirty feet to the mile; but the cataract is irregular rather than abrupt, presenting an ever-varying picture of rapid current, rocky obstructions, fathomless depths, and milk-white foam.

At the mouth of Brush Creek—a stream that has its source in the Snow Range—we spent the glorious Fourth. Not having at hand the usual means of celebration, we awoke next morning in good working condition, and, making fair progress, arrived the same evening at Island Park. This park is much larger than Echo, and affords greater diversity of scenery, as the river is here dotted with small islands covered with cotton-wood, and the mountain-walls inclosing it tower upward three thousand feet, excluding all idea of an outer world. The islands are in every fanciful shape, and lying so low and flat as to seem actually afloat, like the famous Scottish Floating Islands of Loch Dochart. We ran so near many of them that, had the naiads been drying their sea-green locks in the sun, we might have kissed their coral lips in passing. Looking over the tiny land-moles, one could see almost any shape the imagination wills, as children see wished-for gifts in the glowing coals of a Christmas-fire. The most distinct of these optical resemblances was an island that looked like a schooner under full sail. For some distance upon the eastern side the shore is rich with shrubbery, and the effect of sun and shadow upon the water is beautiful.

Our next camp was at the head of Split-Mountain Cañon. This formerly bore the name of Craggy Cañon, but, owing to its strongly-marked features, it was rechristened by Major Powell. The river here cuts into a mountain, and for six miles runs parallel with it, forming a cañon with walls twenty-five hundred feet high. Indeed, in some places, more often on the left bank, the crags attain an altitude of thirty-five hundred feet. Near the summit a comprehensive view is obtained of the entire length of the cañon, stretching like an azure ribbon far into the valley of the Uintah, while on the west are

seen the snow-capped peaks of the Uintah range and the valley of Utah. The major, having concluded to go on with his boat to Uintah, leaving us to finish the work and follow at leisure, started, and the next morning—July 7th—we ascended the mountain, two thousand feet high, for purposes of observation. Here we found a craggy bench, or plateau, composed of loose shale and stone, into which we sank knee-deep. From this elevation we overlooked the cañon, and so high was it that, although the crew of the Emma Dean were fully two miles down the river, yet they seemed directly beneath us. We watched them through our glasses make one portage, and could distinctly hear the major's ringing voice. Then, climbing a thousand feet farther, at an angle of sixty degrees, we arrived at the top, where, in a little valley sheltered by cedar-trees, I set up my camera. A cold wind with clouds and mist came on; and, as the camera will not take pictures unless it has a good look at the subject, our climb was "love's labor lost." The height of this mountain is nine thousand feet above the level of the sea.\* Passing through Split-Mountain Cañon in three days, notwithstanding its many dangerous rapids, we entered, on the morning of the 11th, the valley of the Uintah. Near the mouth of the cañon we found, carved on the overhanging rocks, the hieroglyphics, or "picture-writings," of the ancient Aztec Indians. The carvings represented the elk, deer, buffalo, bear, and different kinds of birds, accompanied by cabalistic characters, and doubtless were the record of some great event in the history of that mysterious race. While studying curiously and lamenting our inability to interpret the "handwriting on the wall," we were startled by the loud "How-how!" of an Indian; and presently a young brave, in all the glory of paint and feathers, rode into camp. Had the ghost of one of the old Aztecs stalked out of a rocky crypt before our eyes, we could not have been more astonished; and, had he opened his mouth to teach us the legend carved upon these tables of stone, we should have accepted him without dispute or surprise. But he proved himself a real copper-hued lump of flesh and blood by coolly dismounting and seating himself at our breakfast-table. After satisfying his hunger, he gave a non-committal sort of grunt, and departed quite as mysteriously as he came. We argued, however, that he was pleased with our cooking, for in an hour he returned, bringing with him his young squaw, also mounted upon a small pony. From what we could understand of their conversation, they were White-River Utes on their way to the Uintah Agency. At their request, we carried them across the river, the ponies swimming behind the boat. This mode of transportation evidently filled them with wonder. Parting from them on the opposite shore, we resumed our journey.

After a hard pull of fifteen miles we landed, and went into camp under the shade of a fatherly cotton-wood, that, from signs of camp-life around its trunk, we knew had sheltered Major Powell the night before. It was

\* The next day I ascended again, and procured several good views.

a pleasant spot to pitch one's tent in, but we were destined to disquieted slumbers; for, about midnight, just as every man was soundest in his first sleep, a large limb came crashing down into our "bedroom," causing its occupants to vacate suddenly, leaving their trunks; and, had it not been for the prickly pears and briars, that old cotton-wood would have witnessed some tall running. The next day, while floating down the stream, we were hailed by a red man, as we supposed, but who proved to be a red woman. Close at hand was an Indian camp, with not a soul in sight but three old squaws and a few papooses—the braves, with true panic courage, having beat a masterly retreat.

The general features of Uintah Valley are not unlike those of Brown's Park. Here, as there, is an occasional strip of woodland, generally cotton-wood and willow. The soil is sandy, with loose shale. Bluffs run up back from the river, and the rocky promontories in the distance give a desolate, barren aspect to the place. It might, however, be made productive by irrigation. Beaver and otter abound in the river, and deer are plenty in the groves; we occasionally halted for an hour or two, when the crack of our Henry rifles awoke the echoes for miles along the quiet river.

On the evening of the 14th of July, after a hard pull of forty miles against a head wind, we came to the mouth of a small stream which we supposed must be, of course, the Uintah River. Here we expected to find the other boat and some of her crew, but after landing, and firing off our guns as a signal, seeing no signs of life, we reembarked, having discovered an island farther down the stream, where we supposed they might be encamped.

In this we were disappointed, and the following morning, after pulling two miles up the stream, to the real mouth of the Uintah, and searching among the bushes for signs of a camp, we found an old tin can, in which was inclosed a note, stating that the advance party had gone on to the agency—forty miles away—and that the boat was concealed in the bushes a few rods up-stream. Using a few mild adjectives by way of expressing our disgust at this mode of procedure, we went into camp for a few days' rest, and to await developments.

One evening Bishop and Jones rode into camp with news that the major had gone on to Salt Lake to forward supplies, and that Professor Thompson and I were to proceed to the agency to make some pictures of the Indians. With my "photo" materials, boxes and all, packed upon the back of one small mule, and myself astride this wonderful pile, I presented a sight that would have tickled Eastern risibles, and I herewith advise any one contemplating a like fashion of traveling to go through a course of preliminary acrobatic training, for I do give positive assurance that my journey thus mounted raveled, in uncertainty and variety of sensation, Bishop Kingley's famous camel ride. Indeed, but fifteen miles were accomplished in our first day's travel, but so tired were we when, wrapped in our blankets, we sought rest upon the banks of the musical Uintah, that our sound slum-



bers were all undisturbed by a midnight visitor in the form of a coyote wolf, that had eloped with a sack of provisions upon which our heads had been pillowed. The trail we were upon follows up the Uintah for about twenty miles, and then, leaving the stream, crosses the Duchene at a point about thirty-five miles from the Green River. It here turns to the north, and, crossing a small tributary of the Uintah, leads through a valley, that for fertility surpasses any thing we had found since leaving the Missouri bottoms. From this a tramp of five miles brought us to the agency. This post is composed of six large, strongly-built log-houses, including a blacksmith-shop, a barn occupied by a commissary, and an office for government claims. The Rev. J. J. Chichlow, of Tonawanda, New York, was the agent, but, in his absence at Salt Lake, we were hospitably entertained by the foreman, Mr. Layton. Although the settlement was made up of only ten men, it seemed to us, after our tramp and voyage, quite like civilization, and its fresh milk, eggs, and beef, most civilized fare. There are between three and four thousand Indians at this reservation, which extends from the settlement to the foot of the Uintah Mountains. Generally, these Indians are a lazy set of fellows, and the benign influences of the government seem to have done little for them. A few are really industrious, but the majority depend upon the whites to get their work done. Superstitious as they all are, it was some time before I could persuade any of them to sit for a picture. It chanced, however, that one of their most famous braves, Antro by name, had had his likeness taken at Salt-Lake City a few weeks before, and, as the operation had not made him "heap sick," some of his brothers were persuaded to be photographed. Tabba,\* the head chief of the tribe, sat to prove his courage and the experiment, and, as it did not seem to hurt him any, several others consented to make the trial.

The next day but one I went up into their village to get some views of their wigwams, and found that they had given me the somewhat mortifying sobriquet "Koch Weno"—"no good medicine-man." At the door of the first hut we were met by an old Indian and his squaw, and warned away. They themselves did not want to die, and several of their ponies were "heap sick" already. The interpreter, Mr. Bassor, tried to explain away their fears, but to no purpose, and we proceeded to the lodge of the chief, whom after the lapse of forty-eight hours we found as skeptical as the rest. He finally took the interpreter aside, and after being gravely assured that the "thing" would not "go off," nor put the "evil eye" on them, permitted me to take the desired views. This was a great favor, according to the interpreter, who told me that every misfortune attending them for the next six months, would be attributed to our visit. To our great surprise, we found our White-River apparition and his young squaw here, and learned to our amusement that theirs was a genuine case of elopement and Indian romance. The squaw,

it appeared, was the daughter of a powerful neighboring chief, who had promised her in marriage to a great warrior of the tribe; but the girl, who was very pretty, loved this young brave, and he, like Lochinvar, took his red Ellen and rode away from the very midst of the wedding festivities. We had appeared upon the scene at just the right moment and ferried them beyond the fear of recapture, and they now greeted us with every protestation of gratitude in their own guttural tongue, which, not being able to understand, spared no blushes. This being the first case of genuine affection we had seen among these children of Nature, we immortalized them through the camera, and, bidding them farewell, started on the 5th of August again down the river.

From Uintah crossing the country gradually rises along the river-bottoms, until at the head of the Cañon of Desolation it changes to a flat surface. This cañon is very appropriately named, for, as far as the eye can reach, nothing is to be seen but an arid waste of rocks and sand, and a few stunted cottonwoods. The first fifteen miles of the cañon was passed without a rapid, but soon after the river became more and more shallow and rocky, until at Sumner's Amphitheatre, we experienced considerable difficulty in getting along. The walls of this cañon are from eight hundred to three thousand feet high, generally sloping backward, and the country as a rule level, save where a gulch or lateral cañon runs toward the river. The lower part of Desolation is called Cole's Cañon, and together their length is one hundred miles. After passing through one hundred and twenty rapids, forty of which were made by line portages, we cleared the cañon on the 30th of August, and encamped in a valley near Gunnison's Crossing. Scarcely were we in camp, when we were joined by the major with fresh supplies. This crossing is named after a certain Captain Gunnison, who in 1854 crossed here with an exploring party, and was killed by the Ute Indians. Before his tragic fate gave the crossing its present name, it was known as the Old Spanish Crossing, and is quite an important one, being upon the direct trail from Santa Fé to Los Angeles. The country here presented no attractive features, being destitute of vegetation, sandy, and desolate, and we left it behind with little regret. Thirty miles farther down the river, we came to where the San Rafael River joins the Green. Here many beautiful specimens of the moss-agate were found, and also a large quantity of Indian arrow-heads.

At Bonita Bend we entered Still-water Cañon, which is, as its name indicates, smooth and placid, undisturbed by either fall or rapid. Eight miles above the juncture of the Green and Grand Rivers, we found the remains of an ancient Aztec city, evidently deserted ages ago.

The history of these people is not a little interesting. They were once a powerful tribe, making and giving laws, peaceable and inclined to agriculture. They were attacked by the nomadic tribes of the North, driven from their homes on the plains, and forced to seek refuge among the fastnesses of the

rocks and river-cañons. Many wild legends are still told of their struggles before they were subdued—how, besieged in their natural fortifications, they were finally reduced to a few hundreds, who now occupy seven small towns, built upon high rocks, in Arizona. This remnant is industrious, and obtain a livelihood by raising sheep and tilling the soil. We found several of their houses perched upon ledges of rocks many hundred feet up the cañon-walls. They are built of rocks filled in with mortar, and generally contain two or three rooms. The walls are covered with hieroglyphics and quaint carvings of animals and birds.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## OUR FRIEND SULLIVAN.

BY ALBERT FALVEY WEBSTER.

### I.

THE mischief was in the matter from the very first, for it germinated on the Sabbath. It came to life quickly, and fructified in half a dozen unwholesome incidents that came to pass during the next eighty hours, and it brought forth its dismal fruit before we had time to arrest it.

It arose out of a current of commonplace and ordinary events, much as a whirling water-spout rises out of the bosom of a placid sea. It tore a swift furrow, eluded all our attempts to subdue it, and finally broke upon us, and deluged us with sorrow.

I did all that I could under the circumstances, and I think that Mayer and Creswell did all that lay in their power to throw obstacles in the way. We failed. All our efforts to interpose restraints came to naught. We were puzzled and confounded at the same time, and those who had ever felt the powerful influences of Sullivan's will, forbore to blame us.

Nearly ten years have now elapsed since those five eventful days, but so vividly were their incidents impressed upon me that I am able to recount them with as much exactness as if they had happened yesterday. I do not think that what I write is by any means a confession, yet an endeavor to describe what befell our friend, and to detail the impulses which surrounded him, affords me, I admit, a mournful satisfaction.

I fancy that it may relieve his friends of their slumbering prejudices, and may force his enemies (for he had many) to believe that the fault he committed was to a great extent forced upon him by one of those sudden and rapid gatherings of untoward circumstances that now and then lure out of their security the most chaste and the most gifted.

I remember, with peculiar distinctness, the look, bearing, and surroundings of Sullivan when, on that beautiful August day, he proposed that we should undertake the journey (the fatal journey) to the great brewery at Walfin's Ledge.

At that time, we had apartments in the old and gray City University of B—, and were accustomed, on all possible occasions, to make pedestrian excursions into the sur-

\* Tawah, the sun.



rounding country. So often were we favored with opportunities, and so eagerly did we avail ourselves of them, that we were very familiar with the fine suburbs of the town, and had learned the roads and routes and scenes by heart. There was not an inn or a grove or an important house, within a radius of twenty miles, that we did not know by sight, and I do not believe that there were many dwellers in that region around about that were unacquainted with our faces.

On that particular day, it being unusually bright and cool, we had started out for a tramp at an early hour—nine o'clock in the morning. We had gone on up the east bank of the river, and had penetrated far into the next county, when it was proposed that we should cross the stream and visit an ancient fort that stood on the summit of a hill. We had acted on the suggestion, and had paddled across in a wherry, and, after having examined the old structure, had started off down the west bank, and had come to Schaus's tavern, where we were having some dinner.

We were fast-weary and dusty, but, at the same time, in high spirits.

We had thrown our hats and sticks into a corner, had selected the table across which blew the strongest breeze, and had caused it to be covered with the greatest variety of things to eat and drink that the place could afford.

An hour slipped by. The first of it was merry. Mayer had a capital voice, and Creswell had a good memory, and was a quick observer and a fine story-teller, and they alone would have made the day happy.

But Sullivan was the great spirit. He was a rapid and brilliant talker, and as full of wit as he was of poetry. He was wide awake, and he sat at the head of our board and dealt out fun and wine until we were keyed up for any thing. We followed him sensitively in all his wild flights, and, just as he did, so did we.

His was not a nature to remain long oblivious of our beautiful surroundings, and, before the hour had quite expired, he had calmed again, and we perforce had done the same.

Below us was the broad river, shaded here and there with blue flushes, made by the summer breeze; above us and on either hand were thick clouds of murmuring foliage, and in and about the open trellises there moved the warm winds, laden with garden perfumes and the scents of fruits. The distant hills of Weymouth were partially veiled with a beautiful and tender haze, and the rich farm-lands of the upper island lay tranquil and glowing in the yellow sunlight.

I turned my head to see if it were possible to look down as far as the bay, when I caught a good view of Sullivan's face and figure. I will describe him.

He was of little more than the medium stature, say five feet ten, and was slender though muscular, and very alert. His shoulders drooped, though his chest was full and deep. His head was long and narrow, and was full at the front. It was covered with dark and closely-curling hair, which began low down upon the back of his neck, and covered his skull like a fine mat. His nose was straight and pointed, his nostrils long

and thin, and his eyebrows were rather heavy, and they shaded a pair of brilliant hazel eyes, that were as quick and as penetrating as any I ever saw. His lips were narrow and red, his chin was sharp and well defined, and his cheeks were commonly flushed. He had a small but thick and tightly-curved mustache, and there was a scrap of whisker on either side of his face. His forehead was lofty and white, and he wore an open collar, which exposed his full neck.

He had small hands and small feet, and he disposed himself with that peculiar ease and grace which belongs to men whose muscles are hard, and who know their dancing-steps.

At the moment when my eyes fell upon him, there had gathered in his face a shade of unusual thoughtfulness. It gave him an expression of serenity, not to say sweetness.

"Gentlemen," said he, finally, "it was not far from here that, two years ago, I experienced the happiest, the very happiest emotions that have occurred to me in my good-for-nothing life."

We looked at him attentively. His voice was considerably softened.

"You men with Irish blood," said Mayer, "are always talking about the *best* of every thing, the *greatest* of all things, the *dearest* and the *gentlest* of all facts and fancies. Where do you get your ardor from? How is it, in the name of Love, that you always have so much to look back upon so fondly?"

"Upon my word, Mayer, you have me there; I can't tell you, I'm sure. Perhaps it's so, but really I am certain that the delight I spoke of stands out among thousands of others that I have had, as the moon stands out from among the stars."

"What was it about, Sullivan?"

"A pretty girl."

"Ah-ha!" cried Mayer and Creswell, together; "let us hear."

"Do you remember that tall white brewery, four miles farther down the river, the one with the gardens on top, and—"

"Yes, yes!"

"Well, it was there. She came with a gaudy Dutchman, who looked sourly around at all of us, and took his jewel off into a corner of the veranda, and made her sit with her back to the people. But little Portugal had caught a glimpse of her face, and so we crept around and had the waiter bring us a table into the grove. We sat there watching her as the grape-leaves blew aside, and, by heavens, gentlemen! the sweetness and purity of her face was angelic! How it comes back to me!" (Sullivan sat up.) "She had those deep, peaceful eyes, that act like balms upon the spirit. While it was possible to see them it was impossible to think ill or to talk aloud. When she spoke, a smile as delicate as a breath stole into her face, and then faded, as those gleams do that we see upon the water. Her hair was as rich and golden as the immortal sunlight, her cheeks were clear and fair, and her lips—her lips—what can I say about her lips? They were not those red, ripe cherries, that are only endurable when they are shut together, but they had curves to them! they were deep in at the corners! they—but I wish Portugal was here to tell you; he saw them, and he

seized me and said, 'Sullivan, there's more soul in that mouth than I have in my whole body!' He was wild over her; and so was I. I took an opportunity when her lover, or her brother, or her cousin, or whoever he was, had gone away, to speak to her. She answered me as if I were her father. She was only sixteen, and I was twenty-four. She blushed, and looked down over the balustrade at me, as a spirit looks out of heaven on us poor devils below. I was transfixed. I stammered and became confused, and my words stuck in my throat, and they never did that before or since in the presence of any woman. It was a great sign. When I saw the Dutchman with his yellow trousers, and his pig's-feed of beer and pretzels coming back again, I ran off like a boy. But she did not send me. Not a bit of it! She was too honest! Portugal and I watched to see if she would eat or drink any of the stuff he brought. I laid him ten to one that she would not. And she did not. She put it aside with a smile that would have propitiated a devil, but, if you'll believe it, that Bavarian lout grew red in the face and glared at her! Portugal and I leaped to our feet" (Sullivan suited the action to the word), "and we would have attacked him and the whole establishment on the spot, had it not suddenly entered our heads that our mistress would have been the one to suffer in the end. So we had to content ourselves with fury, and with snatching opportunities to speak to her."

Sullivan ran on half feverishly for twenty minutes, and by the end of that time we had gotten over all desire to laugh at him. He was too much in earnest, and it seemed to us that he had simply let loose a long-dammed flood, which he had thus far kept from our sight. His eyes were very bright, his warm cheeks were flushed, and his clear words sometimes tripped over each other in his haste to utter them.

"Come, come!" he cried, finally, "let's get on. Let's post down to the brewery, and I'll show you the place, the very spot where it all occurred; the seat where she sat, the rail where she put her hand, the place where Portugal and I hid behind the vine; that is, if the vandals haven't torn every thing to pieces.—Waiter! waiter! Check! check here! quick as lightning!"

I remember that he ran over for our hats and sticks, and thrust them into our hands, and urged us off. We paid our reckoning, and once more stepped into the warm and dusty road.

Sullivan and I took the lead, and Mayer and Creswell brought up the rear.

It was now four o'clock. The sun was still high, and there was a cool and grateful breeze from the glowing west.

There was not one of us who was not impatient to see the spot that Sullivan had made famous, and we swung into a long stride, and listened meanwhile to the disconnected and almost incoherent talk of our leader.

His sanguine and romantic spirit was in a blaze, and there no doubt returned to him, under the influence of his own words, the whole of the vivid scene.

The way lay over hill and dale. We now

descended into valleys, and now ascended high hills, from whose summits we looked off upon the splendid river far below, and at the red city to the south.

The journey consumed another hour.

Finally we turned into a lane leading toward the water.

Sullivan stepped on ahead of me, and led us gravely and quickly down the slight descent.

In all our walk from Schaus's he had never once alluded to the beauties of the landscape or to the history of the locality, as was his wont in similar circumstances, but he had talked consistently about this maiden.

He surprised us by telling us that he had met the girl there three times subsequent to their first encounter, but that those occasions were within the succeeding week. It appeared that he had visited the garden every day as long as the summer had lasted, but that he never caught a fourth glimpse of her.

I might say that all this was, to use the expression, sprung upon us. At the first we had supposed that Sullivan was describing a mere incident of the most trifling character, but it now appeared that there was more substance to the affair than he had permitted us to suppose at the outset.

The consequence was, that we became profoundly interested, and were nearly as eager as our hero himself was to behold the *locus criminis*.

We came to the end of the lane in a moment or two, and we found ourselves in the midst of strange surroundings.

There was a space, quite an acre in breadth, that was laid out with all the paraphernalia of a garden; that is, with small, round tables in the open air, swings, merry-go-rounds, shaded and sequestered walks, awnings depending from the tree-branches, and long, broad lattices, upon which there climbed the most luxuriant vines, whose branches and tendrils hung down and waved gracefully in the wind.

Before us was the upper story and roof of an immense building, whose base was at the bottom of the cliff, one hundred feet below.

There opened upon the plateau where we stood the ninth story of this huge structure, and we could see, through the open doors, that this story was also set with tables as the garden was, and that the windows at its farther end looked off into the blue sky.

The place was thronged with German people of all ages and conditions. Some were seated at lunch at the tables, some were strolling hither and thither, some were bowling in an alley, some were tumbling upon a grass-plot, in awkward attempts at athletic feats, and some were singing, with mugs of yellow beer in their hands, and there was much pleasure and much noise.

The air was clear, the sun was bright, and the woods echoed with laughter and calls.

Sullivan's face lighted up as he contemplated the place.

"Ah, here we are!" cried he, in a jubilant tone; "they've destroyed nothing; all is the same. Come along, I'll show you; this way!"

He leaped up a short flight of steps, and we followed in his wake. He entered a sort

of belvedere that opened toward the east, and which was overhung with masses of foliage.

The platform was covered with tables, and at each of them there sat men and women and children, taking their comfort.

They turned and stared at us, for our entrance was noisy, though not intentionally so.

Sullivan led us straight over to a corner, saying, as he went, in a voice that all must have heard: "Here's where she sat on the first day. It was a day just like this one, and, by George, it was about the same time in the afternoon!" He turned and looked at us, apparently much surprised at the coincidence, and then walked directly up to the table that he had indicated.

Four young and rather rough, though well-dressed, men were sitting at it, drinking schoppens of Rhine wine.

"Here, I'll show you exactly how it was," cried Sullivan, turning from us to the sitters. "Let me come here, will ye? Just let me sit down in your seat a moment—you—you with the blue cap!"

The man, confused and surprised, lumbered out of his chair, and Sullivan seated himself in it, and looked around at us with a smile that parted his lips over his white teeth. "Imagine it!" cried he, "if you can make a sloth suggest a fawn. Imagine her sitting here on that summer's day, with her bright eyes and her divine head, with its luminous halo. See, here is the exact spot where her hand was—her graceful and pretty hand! Look! down here in the bushes is where I stood—see, there is the stone I stepped upon, the very stone!" Sullivan gazed down outside the lattice balustrade, while the four Germans stared in amazement. "Out there," he pursued, suddenly pointing off at the thicket at the end of the balcony—"out there is where Portugal and I filled our souls with the sweet liquor that has kept us drunk to this very day. Fancy her sitting here, played upon by the beams of sunlight and fanned with the piny winds, gazing off over the tremendous river with

'Such eyes that seeth Love to be  
The only dweller in such scenery.'

Ha! ha! there's the very cut stem that bore the single leaf that plagued me so!" Sullivan dashed out of his seat, and seized a decayed branch that hung outside, and brought it to our view. "I remember it! It kept swinging down and tilting just in way of my sight. I crept up and broke it off; and so the branch is dead! Good! Retributive justice does happen occasionally. Ah! how beautiful all this is to me!" Sullivan looked around for a moment, and then took Mayer and Creswell by the arms, and led them out of the belvedere into the garden, reciting Waller's "Girdle," in the same loud, blithe voice that he had used thus far.

By this time the greater part of the people in the garden had noticed us. We were covered with dust, and we no doubt bore ourselves with that *abandon* which is always the result of a long exercise in the open air. It is very likely that our footsteps were heavy and our tones exuberant, and that our manners were a little free, for I recall that those

whom we passed looked at us with surprise, and in some cases with resentment.

But we were in no mood to notice these hints of reproof. Sullivan was hand-and-glove with every one, or, rather, he spoke very freely to every one.

We came to a place where there was a man with an air-gun, who permitted his customers to fire at a mark (a wooden French Zouave) for ten cents the five shots, with the gift of two extra shots for every ringing of the bell (which always followed the hitting of the scarlet heart of the target).

Sullivan took the gun, and, after discovering that it over-shot, which he did after two or three firings, he hit the heart nine or ten times in succession, thereby earning twenty free shots. The owner was in a fury, and the crowd that gathered was in ecstasies. Sullivan fired again and again, and invariably handed his gun back to be loaded to the tune of the jangling bell. We hinted to him to quit his amusement, but he only laughed at us. The poor German was in a profuse perspiration, and no doubt foresaw that the whole day might be consumed by this miraculous marksman. But, by-and-by, the crowd began to grumble, and to take pity on the wretched proprietor, and this only made Sullivan the more desirous to continue his sport. It was only when he had involved his victim in an indebtedness which would have required all the next day to liquidate, and had wrought the assembled throng into a fury of antagonism, that he surrendered the gun and sauntered laughingly away.

We next came to a little glade where a few old men with white hair were pitching quoits. They had taken off their coats, and had placed their venerable wives in chairs upon one side, where, under the shade of immense parasols, they sat and admired the prowess of their lords.

Sullivan, just as an inning was finished, and before the chattering contestants had time to settle their positions, seized two extra quoits and let them fly in rapid succession, to the (apparent) imminent danger of some of the octogenarians. The heavy iron disks jangled and slid over the others, and both of them rested closer to the button than all the rest.

Sullivan surveyed the astonished group with affected contempt, and at once challenged them collectively and separately to further contention. The old ladies seemed to be delighted with his *coup*, and they gazed at his fine figure and face with great admiration. The men resented his interference. He argued the matter. They quickly became angry, but he only grew more bland and persuasive. Finally, out of sheer desperation, they agreed to permit him to try a course with them, and it ended in his victory over all except one, who seemed to be the leader of the society. Sullivan instantly plunged into a fierce dispute with him, and in the course of it he invented four or five rules, which he maintained were in effect in the Scottish Quoit Club, and which, were they put into practice, would give him the lead over his competitor, and much to spare. They wrangled until one or two of the women began to scream, when Sullivan ended the

matter by calmly going to a little private cask of beer that the party owned, and, filling a mug apiece for us, bade us drink to the ladies, which we did under the sunlight of a dozen smiles and the gloom of a dozen scowls.

It was not long after this that we came upon a party of gymnasts, who, upon a stretch of greensward, were performing various athletic feats. They were clad in tight-fitting clothing, but they were heavy and clumsy. Sullivan, who was supple as a serpent, at once threw himself into the ring and began to circle about with the Catherine-wheel convulsion, and he did it so rapidly that he seemed to be a confused tangle of a thousand bodies and limbs. The astonishment of the by-standers had no bounds, and Sullivan, uttering the most fearful cries, rolled himself upon one group after another, and dispersed them shrieking with terror at the strange and incomprehensible spectacle.

When he righted himself he was hardly able to stand from exhaustion and laughter, and the dumfounded turners, completely undone, stood about in awkward attitudes, considerably ashamed of their belying uniforms.

Sullivan brought his intrusion to a close by getting Creswell, who was a fellow-gymnast of his at Wood's, to stand in the centre of the grass-plot. He snatched two pretzels from a boy's tray, and wove his cane through them, and, thrusting two scraps of brown paper into his hair on either side of his head, he kicked off his gaiters and mounted with lightning-like rapidity to his friend's shoulders, from thence he stepped to the top of his head, and, poisoning himself on one foot, took and kept the pose of the Mercury for some fifteen seconds; the cane and the pretzels doing fairly for the caduceus. From this he absurdly resolved himself into a blatant cockerel, and he made the woods ring with his crowing. Then he descended with great gravity, and, readjusting his clothing, led the way straight through a group of the most angry of the people.

This last assault upon their dignity provoked some comments, to which Sullivan replied with a shout of laughter, which instantly brought down upon him a volley of anathemas from the men, and a chorus of glee from the women and children, who seemed to greatly admire his impudence.

He was now in a fever of excitement.

The violent exercise of his body had aroused even his already active spirit, and he was fit for any deed, no matter how outrageous or how difficult.

His eyes sparkled, his chest swelled, and his feet sprang, as he walked over the dry turf.

He seized Mayer's arm and mine and walked with us down the little hill toward the terrace once more, singing, in a voice that filled the whole place, a pretty little wood-song:

"Ich danke Gott und freue mich  
Wie's Kind zur Weihnachtsgabe,  
Dass ich bin, bin! und dass ich dich,  
Schön menschlich Antlitz, habe.

"Dass ich die Sonne, Berg und Meer  
Und Laub und Gras kann sehen,  
Und Abends unterm Sternenhoch  
Und Heben Monde gehen."

I do not think there was a single person in the whole acre that did not pause to listen to this performance. The domino-players, the drinkers, the gossips, the waiters, all stopped and turned their heads to hear and to see.

At the same time I do not think that, of the men, there was one who did not feel additional resentment toward Sullivan for this new proof of his superiority. He had already beaten most of them on their own grounds, and now that he showed that he could outstrip them in their own language, they probably felt most of the stings of jealousy, and especially as their wives and sweethearts had shown a very clear predilection for the bold adventurer. We mounted the steps of the belvedere once more and walked toward an unclaimed table near its centre.

"Come," cried Sullivan, "what do you say to a bottle of Johannisberger? Real Johannisberger! I'll lay anybody one to five that that tall waiter there will swear that he will bring us a bottle of true Johannisberger!—Waiter, waiter!"—He thumped with his hand upon the table. The waiter darted up. "Tell us, Fritz, can you let us have some Johannisberger? Remember, man—remember that you are not at home or in a palace—remember that you are in a miserable *zwei-groschen Garten* in a wretched outskirt of B——! And now look me in the eye—straight, man, straight!—and say if you can bring me a bottle of Johannisberger, that is to be found only in the cellars of princes of the blood. Ah, ah, ah—careful now—careful, sweet Fritz!"

The waiter reddened and glared at him, and Sullivan, with his forefinger lifted, and with a calm and deprecatory smile upon his face, eyed him for some seconds in silence. The waiter finally emitted a bold "Yes, sir!"

"Good!" cried Sullivan, thrusting his hand into his pocket, with another of his gay laughs. "Here—here's five dollars. One is for you, two is for the stunning lie, and if the rest will bring us a bottle of Johannisberger let us have it—and with champagne-glasses, too, d'ye hear? Your little cups don't hold a thrush's swallow!"

I remember exactly how he sat. He half reclined in his chair, with his left side next the edge of the table, and with his head turned in such a way as to enable him to see most of the people in the place.

His brilliant face was all aglow, and I noticed that his eyes wandered constantly to the place where he had told us the German girl had sat. It occurred to me that his present gaiety was simply an elation caused by his pleasant memories, and I looked to see him begin to despair when the fact forced itself upon him that she was not and could not again be present.

I was mistaken.

He grew more witty and more keen. He overflowed with raillery, and he had a most graceful way of turning his knowledge of the poets and singers to account, even in the chit-chat that passed between us.

The moments flew rapidly. The soft shadows began to deepen, and the sunlight began to come down slantingly through the trellises overhead.

Sullivan had tossed his hat upon the floor, and had thrown his right arm over the back of his chair. His glass of wine, almost untasted, stood beside his left hand. Mayer called our attention to the good shape of this hand, and Sullivan had rushed into an extravagant and ridiculous diatribe against the present form of the human body, and had wrung shrieks of laughter from us by describing his idea of what should be, and was going on with great rapidity when he suddenly stopped.

As soon as I could clear my eyes from the tears which had gathered in them, I saw that he had aroused himself in his chair, and that his eyes were fixed upon some one behind me.

He was perfectly white.

Before I could turn around, he withdrew his eyes, and, fixing them alternately upon Creswell and me, he seized our wrists, and said, in a low voice:

"Great God, she's there!—behind you!—in the same seat that she had before! Don't turn yet—wait a moment."

He rested his head upon his hand, and looked down upon the floor.

When I did turn to look, I saw, I confess, one of the most beautiful women that it has ever been my lot to encounter.

It was clear that she had just come in. She was facing us, but had not yet seen Sullivan. She was accompanied by a tall, young, and powerful-looking man, whose face, it being turned from us, I could not see.

I altered my position so that I might watch both parties to the comedy that I was sure was about to begin.

When she saw Sullivan, she too became pale.

The man who was with her at once turned round with violence.

His face was heavy and handsome, and it displayed as many traces of evil temper as I ever saw in one set of features. His mouth was wide, his lips thin, and beneath his bulging forehead there darted to and fro two small bright eyes that took in every thing and suspected every thing.

Sullivan, unluckily, looked up at the precise instant when these eyes were fixed upon him.

His color came back with a rush. I never comprehended before how much of a blow may be delivered with a look.

Sullivan and his rival exchanged those blows without moving. They both reddened deeper and deeper, and I believe that, in the few seconds that passed thus, they felt all the emotions of a physical conflict.

In another instant, Sullivan's eyes encountered those of the girl.

He quickly rose to his feet. She half did the same.

There was a spontaneity to the movement on the part of both that was indescribable.

It was an irresistible movement of each toward the other. I knew what it meant; so did Mayer and Creswell.

Sullivan sat down again. We immediately, and almost with one voice, proposed to leave the place and go back to the city.

Sullivan, without seeming to notice us, called loudly for more wine. From his look and bearing we could see that the fierce spirit



that had been so aroused and quickened by the incidents of the last hour was now concentrated upon an object that it would have chosen (had it had a choice) above all others.

Sullivan had overridden us, and all that he had met all day long; he was far above us; he was the master of all present. He had suddenly discovered a coequal. This coequal had discovered him.

They were desperately intent upon coming together, no matter who and what lay between.

It was an intuitive dread of what must occur before this could be brought about that made us wish to entice him away.

We were denied imperatively. We were to remain.

We watched anxiously for the first move. The wine came.

Sullivan poured a glass, and then sent the bottle and another glass to the man at the other table. In light of what had already passed between them, this act seemed to be like the sending of the rattlesnake skin full of arrows—a declaration of war. The man took the wine and gave it to a party of young men at the next table, and they immediately drank it.

Sullivan laughed immoderately. The man at once turned about and bent upon him a fierce look. Sullivan elevated his eyebrows and scuffed his feet. I was sure there was about to be an encounter.

But just at this instant the girl, whose fair and gentle face was full of terror, reached forward and placed her hand upon the arm of her friend. He at once turned to listen to what she said. Presently he nodded, and there passed over his agitated features a smile that was as pleasant as his scowl had been terrible. He at once turned, and presented his back full to Sullivan. He then beckoned to a waiter, and gave an order.

Sullivan, though as calm and quiet as if he were asleep, was full of rage. He felt that he had been defeated. His eyes burned straight upon the opposite group; he sat perfectly erect, with his left arm stretched out upon the table, and with his right hand grasping his knee.

There was not a person within hearing whose eyes were not fixed with great anxiety upon the trio.

Sullivan presently got up, and walked quickly and easily over to where the girl was sitting.

She again arose to her feet. She threw out her hand in a peculiarly awkward way, and, in doing so, she exposed a portion of a red arm. At the same time her fine face was illuminated with a look of intense gratification. Sullivan grasped the hand, and saw nothing but her eyes. Their contact was but of an instant's duration. I do not think that they exchanged an intelligible word.

The salad-maker looked quickly from one to the other, and suspended his operations.

The girl sank into her seat, and Sullivan retreated. He came back to where we were, but he did not notice us. He was absorbed in two things—a desire to gain the companionship of the girl, and a rabid jealousy of the man that prevented him.

Nothing could equal the intensity with which he regarded the two people. They were both restless under his unflinching scrutiny.

The whole place was silent. The eyes of all were fixed upon the three actors. The scene was becoming painful.

In a moment more the young man finished making his salad, and, with a trembling hand, politely dealt a portion of it upon the girl's plate. She, with a peculiar smile and also with a trembling hand, nervously raised a bit to her lips. It did not please her. A slight expression of distaste crossed her face, and Sullivan saw it.

He suddenly became active. He seized the opportunity with avidity.

"Waiter! waiter!" he cried; "waiter!—waiter!" Two or three came up instantly. "Get me a lettuce—a good lettuce. Get me half a dozen heads of lettuce, and I'll take my pick. A dollar to the man that brings them first! Get me mustard, salt, oil, and a hard egg! And get me a plate, and a bowl, and a salad knife and fork!"

The waiters, who had paused at various distances in their hasty flight, now disappeared, and Sullivan cleared the table.

He sent another waiter for a cold chicken and some parsley.

His excitement made him wellnigh breathless. He bit his lips, and dried his damp hands upon a napkin.

The two people at the other table were perplexed and irresolute. Sullivan now and then threw a glance over his shoulder at them as if to keep them in subjection.

In another moment the table was covered with the articles that had been ordered. Sullivan selected a lettuce with great care, stripped off its indifferent leaves, and gave it to me to cut. He carved the breasts of the chicken, and passed the meat to Creswell to mince. Then he hastily turned back his wristbands, and set about making the cream with a dexterity for which he was famous. For some time nothing was to be heard save the chopping of the knives upon the plates, the clatter of Sullivan's wooden fork, and the noise of the wind in the leaves overhead.

We all worked expeditiously, though why I cannot tell, and in two minutes each of us had completed our task. Sullivan compounded the ingredients and gathered them together in a bowl. Then he cried out for another plate and a red napkin.

At this instant the occupants of the other table seemed about to go away. The young man, foreseeing what would come to pass if he staid, desired to retreat. This was not to be, however.

Sullivan covered the plate with the napkin, and, placing his dish upon it, sprinkled it with bits of parsley, and then advanced toward the girl who was watching him. I never saw him move and act more gracefully.

This was the critical instant. I knew that Sullivan would not forbear to insult his enemy, if he thought fit to do so, and my only hope that a disturbance might be avoided lay in my confidence in the man's sense and forbearance.

What was said I do not know. I saw a

bright look overspread the girl's face, and a corresponding flush of anger overspread the man's. He seized Sullivan's bowl and threw it over the cliff, and at the same time he dealt his enemy's arm a blow that sent the plate crashing to the floor, where it broke into twenty pieces.

Sullivan seized a chair, and as quick as lightning hurled it at the man, who caught it mid-air, and threw it back again with tremendous force. Sullivan stooped, ran under it, and closed with his foe, while the cumbersome missile fell upon a table at which six men were drinking, and, sweeping it off all there was upon it, hustled across and knocked three of the six drinkers upon the floor.

In another instant the *mêlée* was general. Our quartet formed one party, and the whole mass of Germans formed the other.

Mayer, Creswell, and I, tried to surround Sullivan, and we partially succeeded in doing so.

We retreated out of the belvedere hemmed in by an excited throng, and we made for the open door of the brewery.

We backed in, pushing our enemies away rather than striking them, and exerting all our ingenuity to keep Sullivan from throwing himself single-handed upon the multitude.

The huge room, with its whitewashed walls and rafters, echoed and reechoed with the most appalling cries; and it seemed that their success in forcing us to yield added to the excitement of our antagonists.

Finally we got into a corner. Sullivan, full of rage, succeeded in bursting out between Mayer and Creswell. He fought desperately, but he was almost immediately overthrown and sent staggering back against a partition, at the foot of which he fell.

No sooner had this occurred, than a door opened immediately behind him, and a red-faced and powerful man, whom I had never seen before, made his appearance. He quickly seized Sullivan's prostrate body by the shoulders, and, dragging it back out of sight, closed the door again, and bolted it on the inner side.

The result of this was, that we who remained behind were attacked with tenfold fury, and I cannot say what immediately followed. Every thing dimmed before my eyes. I struck out wildly, sometimes hitting and sometimes not, and I kept it up until I, with my two companions, was entirely overcome.

We afterward learned that our downfall was a signal for a cessation of hostilities, and that we were instantly taken in hand by a few sympathetic ones, and our wounds dressed, and our clothing put into better order. Neither of us was seriously hurt. It was an hour before we were upon our feet again. As far as the place and the people were concerned, few traces of the conflict were to be seen.

It was now almost twilight. We asked for Sullivan. No one had seen him. We walked lamely out to search for him. Most of the people had gone home, and it had become cool. A few earnest pleasure-seekers still sat in the belvedere, and a few lovers

were strolling about in the woods, and occasionally we met a knot of young men who regarded us curiously, but with silence.

Our friend was not to be found.

The brewery-doors were closed, and no one could tell us who it was that had rescued him.

We searched the woods, the terraces, the roads, and all the nooks that we could find, but there were no traces. We called his name a hundred times, but our voices echoed against the huge cliffs and were lost in the distance, and there was no response.

We reached the shore of the river, and, being balked, we arranged to undertake a more thorough and systematic search for the lost man.

We again began to ascend the cliff by way of long flights of steps, which ran up at different angles. We had gotten a third of the way to the top, and were about to begin the ascent of the next range, when we heard the sound of hurried footsteps above us. We thought that we recognized them, and sure enough Sullivan, still hatless and dishevelled, appeared at the upper landing.

Before we could utter a single exclamation, he demanded in an excited voice:

"Have you seen them? Have they passed by?"

"Whom do you mean?" we asked.

"Mean! Whom *should* I mean, do you think? Why, I mean the girl, and—"

"No," interrupted Mayer, "we haven't seen them since—"

"By George, then I've lost them!" cried Sullivan, striking one hand into the palm of the other. "I've kept them in sight for the last half hour, and now they've given me the slip. I hardly wonder at it, though, for you bawled my name so that I'll bet St. Peter heard it!—You are sure you couldn't have passed them, eh? They couldn't have been sitting beside the road on some bench, or in some summer-house—could they?"

"No, there's no chance of that."

"Then, it's strange—very strange!" I saw that he was looking off over the face of the cliff to the northward; but he seemed suddenly to change his mind. He cried out, more to himself than to us, "I'll try again at the other side of the brewery. Yes—I'll do that. There's a chance that I shall find them there."

The next instant he disappeared with great speed, leaving us gazing at each other in deep perplexity.

We were half inclined to laugh in spite of our anger.

We held a council.

We agreed in the end that one of us should stay to try to bring him back to his senses, or at least to prevent him from getting into further trouble, and we drew lots for the task.

It fell to Mayer.

He straightway set out upon Sullivan's track, while Creswell and I began our return to the city by descending to the river-side, and by taking the road to the southward, which led to the Oldport Ferry.

I do not remember ever looking upon a more gloomy and sombre scene than that presented by the lofty cliff and the prodigious

brewery beside it. I can never go into its neighborhood even in the broadest day and the brightest sunshine, without feeling the same sense of apprehension and distrust that was generated within me then by its sombre shades and its enormous proportions. It seemed to be a place fit for the commission of any evil, and when I remembered what fierce passions were then at work within its precincts, it was natural that I should feel at least a dread of something ill yet to transpire.

Before retiring, Creswell and I turned surgeons, and dressed our wounds as best we could; then we laid a small table with all sorts of bandages and instruments for the benefit of the two absent ones, should they return in the night.

At twelve o'clock we separated, full of the most unhappy fancies respecting Sullivan, and, retiring to our rooms, endeavored to fall asleep.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

## HOW MAPLE-SUGAR IS MADE;

AND WHAT HAPPENED IN THE SUGAR-CAMPS OF THE MAHONING VALLEY.

"MAPLE-SUGAR! what is maple-sugar?" asked my little grandson, whose attention had been attracted by a placard in a shop-window bearing these words.

"It is a kind of sugar," said I, "made from the sap of the maple-tree."

"Trees, grandpa! How can the people grind the trees?"

"They don't grind the trees, as we do the cane," I replied; "they tap them."

"Tap them!" he repeated. "How tap them, grandpa? What for?"

"To obtain the sap from which the sugar is made."

But this explanation did not satisfy the curiosity which the placard had excited, and, after I had procured for him a few small cakes of the "maple-sugar," which he declared was "as sweet as candy," I was compelled to go into a long explanation of the manner in which maple-sugar is obtained from the sap of the maple-tree, so different from the process by which cane-sugar is made.

And this explanation carried me back half a century to the days of my boyhood, and brought up recollections of some of the happiest hours of my life spent in the sugar-camps near my native village in Ohio. How strange that a trivial circumstance should have awakened in my mind the recollection of scenes and occurrences of early childhood, as vividly as if they were of yesterday! But so it is. As we advance in life, daily passing events fade from our recollection almost with their occurrence, seemingly crowding each other from our thoughts, while the impressions of our youthful days remain indelibly impressed upon the tablets of our memory. While I write, the scenes, incidents, and pleasures of my experience in the sugar-camps of the Mahoning Valley, more than

fifty years ago, are fresher in my recollection than many of the most important events of my life that have occurred within the few years past.

"Sugar-making time!" How many pleasant memories are associated in my mind with these words—memories of boyhood, of parents, family, home, in the wild West, long, long ago! But I must not indulge the reflections which these memories inspire. I have something to say about maple-sugar making, and a little story, a true story, connected therewith, to relate; and to this task I address myself, before my thoughts are driven into another, perhaps a neutralizing, channel.

What is now the flourishing city of Ravenna, at the time of which I write, about the year 1816, might have been very appropriately called a Western "white-oak opening." It was, however, called a town, and, though comprising only some twenty or thirty families, with as many hewn log and frame houses, two taverns, three or four stores, a school-house, blacksmith's shop, two doctors' and two or three lawyers' offices, shoemaker and tailor shops, claimed some importance in the new world of the Western Reserve as the county-seat of Portage County. As such, of course, it had a court-house and a jail—the former a rather pretentious, two-story, frame building, which served also for a church; the latter a substantial structure of hewn logs. The town occupied the crown of a gentle eminence, the main streets or roads leading away from the public square in the centre at right angles, in strict conformity with the points of the compass—the court-house being in the centre of the square, and so exactly upon the summit that the water which fell from the eaves on the south side flowed, through various channels, into the Atlantic Ocean, while that which fell from the north side found its way into the Gulf of Mexico. This is a notorious and not uninteresting fact, and, if the levels have not changed with every thing else since that day, the rains of summer and the dissolving snows of winter take the same directions from the roof of the grander edifice which now occupies the site of the old court-house of my boyhood days.

This portion of the Western Reserve, or the "New-England Western Reserve," as it was called, had received its pioneer settlers only a year or two before the breaking out of the War of 1812. Up to within a very short period before the war, the country had been occupied almost exclusively by the Indians (the name of the tribe I forget), who had, however, entirely disappeared after the close of the war, in which they had been engaged as allies of the British. The surrounding forests still contained traces of them, such as ruined huts, mounds, and graves, and the nursery was entertained with stories of their savage cruelty, while the walls of the taverns and other public places, and some private houses, were adorned with rudely-drawn and gaudily-painted pictures, representing scenes of the fearful massacres which they had perpetrated in the vicinity.

Small farms had been laid out for the distance of a mile or two around the town, but beyond the country was almost an unbroken

wilderness. The land was of the richest quality, and the timber extremely heavy, so that the opening of farms by the settlers, most of whom were poor and obliged to rely upon their own labor, was a slow and tedious operation. But, already the hardy pioneer had made his mark upon the primeval forest, and had begun that system of persevering, self-reliant industry, frugality, and enterprise, which was not long in converting the idle wilderness into fruitful fields, and which has since built towns and large cities, railroads, canals, and manufactories, and made Ohio one of the wealthiest and most populous States of the Union.

In a northeasterly direction, some three or four miles from the Ravenna settlement, lay the valley of the Mahoning. This valley was densely and heavily timbered, so densely that the sunlight was scarcely ever reflected from the bosom of the small stream which gave it its name, and which, fed by numerous tributary brooklets, pursued its tortuous course to unite its crystal waters with those of the Beaver River, which flows into the Ohio. The forests of the valley comprised the usual variety of trees peculiar to this portion of the West—various species of the oak, beech, ash, hickory, walnut, poplar, birch, and maple—the sugar-maple largely predominating. Hence the valley might have been called one vast sugar-camp. As such it had been used by the Indians, traces of whose rude system of sugar-culture were still to be seen, the only visible evidences that these trackless solitudes had ever been invaded by man. There was a solemn grandeur and beauty in the wild, unbroken forest, where the thick-standing trees reared their stately trunks far above, and the interlacing branches, even when stripped of their foliage, afforded but glimpses of the blue canopy overhead. No path save the faded trail of the now departed Indian, or the dim trackway of the wild-deer, traversed this vast solitude. No sound but the cry of the panther, the howl of the wolf, or the hoot of the owl, at night, or the call of the wild-turkey, and the drum of the pheasant, in the day-time, waked the echoes of those sylvan depths. Even the hunter scarcely ever penetrated the dark and trackless woods in search of game, which at that time he found in abundance nearer the settlements.

Only in the spring was the valley invaded, and then only during "sugar-making time." This occurred about the middle of March, and continued generally about three weeks, extending sometimes into April, according to the backwardness or forwardness of the season. At this season it was customary to locate what were called sugar-camps in the Mahoning Valley, and those who worked them not only made sugar enough to supply their families for the year, but a considerable surplus for sale. "Sugar-making time" was looked forward to with great interest, especially by the young, not only because it brought that most delicious of all sweet things—hot maple-sugar—but because it afforded an opportunity for the enjoyment of the novelty and freedom of camp-life in the woods. It was fashionable, too, among the families of the settlement, to go "a-sugar-

making;" and the children whose fathers had no sugar-camp were esteemed especially unfortunate. The labor of sugar-making was very rough and arduous, but there was something so attractive in camp-life, that young men, who had no special fondness for hard work, were always on hand at "sugar-making time."

My father was the fortunate lessee of a very large sugar-camp, comprising about one thousand of the finest sugar-maple trees. This camp had in former years been worked by the Indians. A tragedy had occurred there, and more than one wild legend had invested the place with a fearful interest in the minds of the ignorant and superstitious.

But the readers of the JOURNAL who have never seen a maple-sugar camp, will perhaps be entertained by the description of one; while to those who are familiar with the present improved method of utilizing the sap of the sugar-maple, an account of the primitive mode of maple-sugar-making will not be uninteresting.

The preparation of the camp usually commenced early in March. If a new camp was to be opened, the first work was to blaze out its boundaries, and ascertain the number of maple-trees it contained. This done, the largest poplar-tree that could be found near the centre of the area occupied by the sugar-trees to be tended was selected as the site of the camp or boiling-place. The poplar, which here grew to a great height, often five and six feet in diameter, limbless and straight, towering above the common growth like some immense Doric column, served both as a base for the sugar-boiler's hut, and, after being hollowed out, as a reservoir for the collected sap. The poplar having been felled, it was the work of skillful axemen to convert it into an immense trough. This was easily accomplished, owing to the brittleness of the soft, white timber. Against the butt-end of this trough—with capacity, perhaps, for one or two hundred barrels—a hut of poles of sufficient dimensions to accommodate the sugar-makers was constructed, roofed with bark and chinked with moss. The roof of the hut, sloping backward, extended over the poplar trough, while the front end, toward the boiling-place, was left entirely open. On one side a puncheon-floor was raised a few inches from the ground, upon which the moss and straw beds were made. The other half of the hut was left with its dirt floor.

Some ten feet in front of the mouth of the hut was selected for the boiling-place. This consisted of two stout posts, some ten or twelve feet high, and forked at the tops, placed firmly in the ground fifteen or twenty feet apart. Across the top of the posts extended a stout beam, from which depended the wooden hooks upon which the kettles were suspended. The hooks were made from limbs of trees, each selected for its proper size and straightness, and cut so as to have a natural hook in the larger end, by which it was suspended from the cross-beam above. A few auger-holes, into which strong wooden pegs were fixed at the lower end, prepared them for the support of the kettles. Six or eight kettles of different sizes were thus suspended; two large beech-logs were rolled up, one on each side

of the row of kettles; and, when boiling, the fire was kept up with smaller wood filled in around them. With this arrangement completed, every thing was in readiness to commence sugar-boiling whenever the supply of sap should be obtained.

And now for the manner of obtaining the sap. The first step in this direction was to provide the troughs to receive the sap from the trees. We will suppose five hundred trees were to be tapped, most of them requiring two troughs—for nearly all the large trees were tapped on two sides. One thousand vessels to catch the sap would be required. To supply these, poplar trees, not more than two feet in diameter, were selected and felled. Blocks about three feet long were split from the sides of the log, and with the common axe and adze soon fashioned into neat, light troughs, capable of holding from four to five gallons. These were distributed through the camp. With half or three-quarter inch augers, each maple-tree was bored, two auger-holes on each side of the tree, two or three feet above the ground. Into each auger-hole was inserted an alder-"spile," from which the pith had been removed, and through which the sap ran, often in a stream, and was caught in the trough below. When the trees were in full flow, it was necessary to empty the troughs twice a day or oftener. To facilitate this operation, roads were cut out through the camp, passable for low snow-sledges, which were drawn by horses or oxen. Upon the sledges were fixed two barrels, with large wooden funnels. The sap-gatherer was provided with two buckets, which he carried suspended from a wooden yoke resting upon his shoulders. When he had filled his barrels, he returned to the camp, where they were rolled upon the great trough, into which they gurgled out their contents.

And now for the process of boiling, which was very simple. Upon the wooden trammels, which I have before described, the kettles, five, six, or eight in number, and ranging from ten to thirty or forty gallons in capacity, beginning at one end of the boiling-place with the smallest, and regularly increasing in size to the largest, were suspended. All the kettles being first filled with sap, the fire was started, and the process of evaporation commenced—the only care being to keep the sap boiling, without permitting it to boil over. As the quantity of sap diminished in the larger kettles, they were filled from the smaller ones, by means of a large tin dipper attached to a long wooden handle. The smaller kettles were then refilled with fresh sap, which, as fast as it became heated, was supplied to the other kettles. Thus, the larger kettles were never allowed to chill, and the evaporation went on in them without interruption. In process of time, the contents of the larger kettles were reduced to the desired consistency, when they were dipped out, and the hot syrup passed through a flannel strainer into large covered tubs. The kettles were then replenished with fresh sap, and the boiling resumed.

And now we come to the final process of "stirring off," as it was called—i. e., reducing the concentrated liquid saccharine to granulated sugar. In this, as in the preceding stages,



I describe the primitive method as practised at the time of which I write. "Stirring off" was a very delicate operation, requiring much care and considerable experience—the quality of the sugar produced depending entirely on the skill of the operator. For this purpose a large and thick-bottomed kettle was selected and thoroughly scoured and cleaned. Into this kettle the syrup from the tubs was poured. A quantity of milk, into which the whites of several eggs had been beaten, or, when it could be obtained, a gill or two of fresh bullock's blood was poured in and thoroughly incorporated with the syrup. Thus prepared, the kettle was placed over a slow fire, and its contents permitted gradually to come to a degree of heat just below the boiling-point, when a thick scum, containing every particle of sediment and all foreign matter, formed on the top. This being carefully removed with a skimmer, the hot syrup became perfectly clear and transparent, when it was permitted to come to a boil. The boiling then continued slowly, the only care being to keep the flame from rising against and heating the rim of the kettle, or the fire from becoming so hot as to cause the contents to boil over. As the evaporation went on, and the syrup approached the granulating-point, the closest watchfulness became necessary. As not quite enough boiling would render the sugar dark and soggy, so the least too much boiling would scorch it, or make it dry and inferior. Now was the critical moment, and the experienced sugar-boiler plied his tests rapidly. Cups of cold water were kept in readiness, into which he trailed round and round a thin thread of the boiling mass from his stirring-stick, then, thrusting his fingers into the cup, he seized the waxy coil with a sudden pressure. If it yielded softly to his touch, the sugar was not yet done, and he made another test in the same way, and so on until the waxy thread broke short and crisp between his fingers, when the kettle was instantly removed from the fire. As the hot mass began to cool around the sides of the kettle, the crystallization commenced, gradually extending over the surface, and then through the entire mass, as it was kept constantly in motion by a vigorous use of the stirring-stick, until, in a short time, what was but a few minutes before a foaming cauldron of golden saccharine became a kettle full of bright, granulated sugar.

It is during this transition state, just before the granulation commences, that maple-sugar is so deliciously palatable. After granulation and while lukewarm, it is less tempting to the palate, and very little of it satisfies the appetite.

Thus I have given a full and particular description of the method of making maple-sugar half a century ago; and now I will relate an incident that occurred at the time of my last visit to the sugar-camps of the Mahoning Valley.

In the care of a hired man, a young German by the name of Muttinger, in whom my mother placed every confidence, I had been permitted to go to the camp, to remain till the close of the season, which was nearly spent. The camp was worked by three young men, including Muttinger, under the direction

of my father, who paid it frequent visits, but rarely remained in camp overnight. I staid in camp some two weeks, all of which time, until the last night, was to me one uninterrupted experience of enjoyment. I was a favorite with the young men, especially with Mr. Muttinger, who allowed me the largest liberty, and did every thing in his power to make my time pass happily. He permitted me to ride on the sledge with him when he went to gather sap, showed me how to broil bacon on the end of a stick, and how to bake hoe-cakes; let me eat as much sugar as I could, made sugar-eggs and sweethearts and other sugar toys for me, allowing me occasionally to have a "stirring off" of my own, for which purpose he fixed me up a miniature boiling-place for my kettle, and took care that I had a snug place in the straw and blankets at night. Every day had its pleasures and excitements—a deer or a turkey was killed—there were lots of sugar, lots of good eating, and lots of fun—and, surfeited with enjoyment, I went nightly to my straw and blankets to enjoy sound sleep and pleasant dreams. The only drawback to my perfect happiness was the consciousness that each day drew nearer the time for breaking up camp.

The red buds were beginning to tip the spray of the maple-trees, showing that the sugar-making season was near its close. The flow of sap had already begun to diminish, and some of the smaller camps in the valley were breaking up. The close of the season was a period of visiting and merry-making among the sugar-makers, many of whom were Germans, who had their families, wives, and daughters, with them, and every night there was a frolic in some one of the camps. Occasionally we had friendly visits from our neighbors, but, as a general thing, our camp was avoided, especially by the young boys and girls, in consequence of certain superstitious associations connected with its history.

I have before alluded to the fact that a mysterious tragedy had occurred in our camp. An old squaw, the wife of a noted Indian chief, who had been left alone in the camp for a short time—so the story ran—was, on the return of her friends, found dead, her head and shoulders resting in a kettle of boiling syrup. By some it was supposed that she had fallen into the kettle. But there were also suspicions of foul play, and a white man, a trapper, of notorious bad character, between whom and the chief there existed an old feud, was strongly suspected of having murdered his wife in revenge. Shortly after the death of the squaw, the trapper mysteriously disappeared, and it was uncertain whether he had fled or had been disposed of by the Indians. The grave of the squaw, marked by a mound of earth and logs, was situated only a short distance from our boiling-place, and was passed by the sugar-makers in the twilight, or later in the night, with feelings of superstitious dread, while it was strictly maintained by many that the old squaw's ghost did not rest quietly, but roamed through the camps, especially in dark and stormy nights. Several had seen her apparition, and the stories that were related of her appearance were of the most frightful and harrowing character.

One evening two or three young men from the adjoining camps paid us a visit. After supper, while they were seated before the fire on the rough puncheon benches, enjoying their pipes and the contents of a stone jug, conversation turned on the mysterious death of the old squaw, and the strange stories that were in circulation about her spirit-wanderings through the camps. None of the party present had ever seen her ghost with their own eyes, but other persons, friends of theirs, in whose assertions they placed the fullest reliance, had seen her more than once, on dark, stormy nights, riding at full speed through the thick woods, on the white horse which she rode in her lifetime, and which, it was said, was killed and buried with her. The descriptions which they gave of her frightful appearance, and the shrieks which she uttered, as, on her phantom-steed, she dashed through the dark forest, her long, grizzly hair streaming out, and her garments flapping in the wind, made my hair stand on end, and the blood chill in my veins.

It was said that the family to which the old squaw belonged were rich, and, as it was the custom of the Indians to bury the personal property of their dead with them, it was generally believed that her grave contained a large amount of treasure.

"It would be a good thing," said one, "to dig up the old squaw, and get the money that they buried with her."

"And the silver bands and rings, and brooches, as big as a pewter plate, that she used to wear," remarked another.

"Yes, that would be very nice, and all that silver is no good in the old woman's grave. But I'd like to see the chap that would run the risk of being haunted all the rest of his life, by digging her up!"

"Poo! nonsense!" exclaimed Muttinger, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "Dat ish all nonsense, all fool-talk. If I be sure dere was money in de old woman's grave, I wouldn't mind to go for it, no more dan shmokin' mine pipe."

"But, suppose her ghost was to come after you, Muttinger, what then?"

"Ghost der tuyfel! I ain'd afraid of no old woman spooks, vat scare leetle childrens in de night-time."

Muttinger had been a soldier in the war, and had, according to his account, been in many battles, and one of his weaknesses was to boast of his bravery.

A long and rather excited discussion was closed with a wager of a jug of whiskey that Muttinger would not dare, on the following day, to dig up and bring away the relics of the old squaw. This bet, having been duly ratified and attested by a general shaking of hands, the young men left for their respective camps.

On the following day, Muttinger was evidently reluctant to perform what he had undertaken, but, impelled by his bet and the hope of plunder, after vainly endeavoring to persuade others to accompany him, he braced his wavering courage with a stiff drink of whiskey, and set out alone on his sacrilegious enterprise.

An hour afterward he returned to camp with his plunder, which consisted of an old,

battered, brass kettle, a rusty rifle-barrel, some brass mountings, a tomahawk, several clay pipes, a pair of silver armlets, a number of silver rings, brooches, and other trinkets, with the jawbone of the old squaw, which latter he exhibited in a spirit of triumphant bravado.

The news of the robbery of the old squaw's grave soon spread among the camps, and, during the afternoon, many came to view the relics. All reproached Muttinger for what he had done, but especially for bringing away the jawbone, which they urged him to replace in the grave. But Muttinger seemed to grow reckless under the remonstrances of his friends, and exercised his wit in ridiculing their sensibility.

"Take it back, Muttinger, if you don't want to see the old squaw's ghost this very night," said one.

"Der tuyfel!" exclaimed Muttinger, "vat de old woman want mit her jawbone? She can do mitout dat, just like she don't want no more her brass kettle."

"Look out if she don't come after it before to-morrow morning."

"Vel, maybe," said Muttinger. "Den I vil put it vere she can see it, and she don't get it if she don't climb for it."

So saying, he climbed up one of the forks of the boiling-place, and fastened the jawbone conspicuously on the top. Coming down, he laughed heartily at the idea of the old squaw's ghost climbing for the missing portion of her anatomy.

As evening approached, the visitors departed, each with a solemn warning to Muttinger to be on the lookout for a visit from the old squaw's ghost. But Muttinger was too full of whiskey to feel any apprehension of any other spirits, and only laughed at their admonitions.

That night there was to be, in the settlement, some three miles distant, a grand wedding; a wedding of the good old frontier fashion—with a ball and a supper—to which everybody was invited. One of our sugar-makers had gone home with a sledge-load of sugar and molasses, leaving in camp only Muttinger, a young man named Wolfe, and myself. Wolfe was extremely anxious to go to Captain Smith's wedding, but, before he could do so, it was necessary for him to get Muttinger's consent for him to be absent for the night. To obtain this, he offered to cut all the wood necessary for the night, and made many strong appeals and tempting promises, all without effect. Muttinger was unwilling to be left alone to do all the work of the camp. Wolfe, however, accidentally struck him in a tender place, and, by what he meant for reproach, accomplished what he failed to gain by persuasion.

"I see," said he, "you are afraid to stay here alone. You are afraid the old squaw wil come after you."

"'Fraid, der tuyfel!" exclaimed Muttinger, starting up. "Me, a soldier who has fight enough times mit thousands live Indians! Me 'fraid of old squaw! Chop all de wood, und go und dance mit de gulls, like you please. If de old squaw comes here, Villiam und me vil dance mit her."

Wolfe took Muttinger at his word. He

soon cut and piled, near the boiling-place, enough wood to keep the kettles boiling during the night. Then, mounting the only horse left in camp, he was soon on his way to Captain Smith's wedding, not even waiting for supper, which Muttinger set about preparing.

I was very hungry, and enjoyed with a relish a slice of bacon broiled before the fire on the end of a sharpened stick, a piece of corn hoe-cake, and a bowl of milk. Muttinger ate ravenously, and was in an unusually good-humor.

As the shades of night drew on, the stars peeped out overhead, and the fire sent forth a soft, mellow radiance upon surrounding objects, lighting up the foreground of the wild scene, as it deepened the shadows beyond; while the blue smoke, mingled with the paler vapor of the boiling-kettles, and illumined with bright, red sparks, curled upward to the midnight sky. Muttinger, who seemed restless, was unusually busy about the kettles, spilling the sap which he attempted to dip from the one kettle to another, and piling on the wood with unwonted prodigality. As he moved around he endeavored to keep me engaged in conversation, and, when I failed him, he whistled or sang his favorite German airs.

Fatigued with the day's exercise and enjoyment, and drowsy from the effects of a heavy supper, I was not in a talkative mood, and as I sat upon my puncheon stool, looking into the fire, watching the fantastic figures which my fancy pictured in the eddying smoke, it was with difficulty that I could keep awake. Muttinger tried every expedient to arouse me. As he was taking a drink from his brown jug, he insisted on making a toddy for me, which he said would keep me "bright awake all de vile." The sugar in it commended the prescription to my taste, and I tested its virtues pretty liberally.

Muttinger lighted his pipe and seated himself to enjoy a smoke, at the same time to entertain me with one of his stories of the war, which he knew I so much loved to hear.

"Vil you keep bright awake, now?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," I replied, "if you will tell me about the battle of Brady's Lake, where you killed so many Indians."

"Vel," said Muttinger, "you don't go to sleep, und I vil tell you all about de big fight vat ve had mit de Indians dat time. Vel, it vas a bright, sthar-like night, just like to-night."—As he spoke, he raised his eyes—his pipe dropped from his hand, and his gaze seem riveted upon the top of the boiler-pot, where the old squaw's jawbone shone in the firelight.

"Look! look!" he exclaimed, in a husky, tremulous voice.

It was either the effect of the whiskey on my imagination, or of the flickering firelight, that made the jawbone appear to me as if it were in motion.

"Oh," said I, "it's bling at us," and I ran to our camp-bed and covered my head in the blankets.

I could hear Muttinger talking to himself, but whether in English or his native tongue I could not tell.

The next moment he seized me by the arm and raised me to my feet.

"Don't you pe a little fool cownt like dat," said he. "No old deat squaw's jawbone don't hurt you, Billy. Come, sthay mit me."

"I'm afraid," I replied. "I don't want to look at it any more."

"Vel," said he, "I vil put it vere it don't scare nobody."

He climbed up the post, and, seizing the jawbone, threw it in the midst of the fire under the kettles. Then, taking me in his lap, he endeavored to banish my foolish fears, by assuring me that when the old jawbone was burned up it could hurt nobody.

"But," said I, "Mr. Stough says the old squaw's ghost rides all over these woods on a white horse, and I'm afraid she'll come after her jawbone. It was wicked to take it from her grave, and worse to burn it up."

By this time the sky, which in the early part of the night had been clear, began to be overcast with drifting clouds, and a strong wind swept in fitful gusts among the tree-tops.

Muttinger seemed very restless and disturbed in his mind. He tried to dissipate my fears, but it was very evident that he was himself not entirely free from apprehensions of evil. He talked incoherently, took another heavy drink, and whistled and sang terribly out of tune. He relit his pipe, and made me sit by him on the bench, near the mouth of the cabin. He grew more and more restless, large drops of perspiration stood on his forehead, and at every gust of wind or strange noise, he would start almost to his feet, exclaiming, "Vat's dat?"

For myself, my superstitious fears had been wrought up to a fearful pitch, not less by the events of the night than by the recollection of the frightful stories I had heard of the old squaw's ghost, and my only refuge was the cover of the blankets or in clinging close to Muttinger.

Muttinger, who by this time had become fearfully demoralized, sought to brace his courage by frequent draughts from his jug, and insisted on my taking another toddy.

After I had recovered from the coughing-fit—which a drop the wrong way had occasioned—he slapped me encouragingly on the back, and said:

"Dat's right, Billy. Spunk up, spunk up, now, und don't never be 'fraid of spooks nor nothing. I tell you dere never vas no such tings in all de world."

Whether it was the effect of the double dose of toddy or the reassuring speech of my companion I cannot say, but I did feel a little more at ease, and was gradually becoming oblivious of the frightful imaginings that had oppressed my mind, when a shrill, unearthly scream, seemingly from the depths of the dark forest, broke upon our ears.

"Gott in himmel! vat's dat?" shouted Muttinger, springing to his feet and grasping me by the arm.

I felt each separate hair rise on end, and my heart, after a sudden bound, ceased to beat. Muttinger stood with open mouth and suspended breath, his eyes glaring wildly in the direction whence the unearthly sound came.

Another wild, blood-curdling scream, nearer than the first, caused Muttering to spring forward, still holding to my arm. As we reached the space between the mouth of the hut and the boiling-place, there dashed suddenly past us, in the rear of the blazing fire, a white horse bearing a gigantic female form, with flowing garments and long, white hair streaming on the wind!

I was speechless and fixed to the spot. Muttering gave one agonized yell and bounded from me, as the phantom-horse wheeled round the camp-fire toward us, and another wild scream pierced the night. I only remember that Muttering disappeared. I reeled to the puncheon bunk, falling upon which I plunged my head under the straw and blankets.

Whether I became suddenly insensible from fright, or the liquor I had drunk stupefied my senses, I never was able satisfactorily to determine. But in that moment ended my experiences of that fearful night.

When I awoke to consciousness, it was to feel the strong grasp of some one who was endeavoring to draw me from my hiding-place, and from whom, with screams of terror, I struggled to escape.

"Why, what in the name of creation is the matter with you, Willy? Who's been here? Where's Muttering?" were the first words I comprehended. Looking up, I found myself in the hands of John Wolfe, who regarded me with utter astonishment.

Rubbing my eyes and looking round for a moment, I began to comprehend the situation. It was bright daylight. Mr. Wolfe had returned, and I was safe. The fire was out, and only the half-burned logs and chunks remained, from which the thin, blue smoke curled up into the bright morning sunlight. There was a strong smell of burnt sugar in the air, and the kettles were cold and black, some of them half-full of charred sugar. As Mr. Wolfe surveyed the scene in utter dismay, he repeated his question:

"Why, what upon earth has happened? What has become of Muttering?"

"He's carried off by the old squaw's ghost!" was the only solution I could give to the mystery; and, having by this time become wide awake, I related to Mr. Wolfe the frightful events of the night as they occurred.

I had hardly finished my narrative before several persons from the adjoining camps arrived. Each had a marvelous story to relate of strange noises heard and strange sights seen in the valley during the night. One had heard the most unearthly screams; another had seen the ghost of the old squaw careering madly through the woods on her white horse; while another told that, as he and two or three more were playing cards by their camp-fire, the phantom steed and its ghostly rider dashed almost over them, frightening the party nearly out of their senses. Others from different parts of the valley came in, each with some fearful tale of the ghostly doings of the night.

"But what has become of Muttering?" was the general inquiry, and I was obliged to rehearse my story, as affording the only explanation of his mysterious disappearance. The

fearful anxiety on that individual's account was finally relieved by the arrival of one of the Slough boys, from his father's camp on the opposite side of the Mahoning, about half a mile distant. From him we learned that about midnight Muttering came running into his father's camp, so paralyzed with fear that he could scarcely articulate—his eyes glaring wildly, his face pale, and his clothes torn and dripping wet. In answer to their questions, he only ground out something about the old squaw's ghost, and soon fell to the ground in a hard convulsion. They forced some whiskey down his throat, rolled and rubbed him; and sent for the nearest doctor, who had been with him since daylight, but who had little hopes of his recovery.

All this not only corroborated my story, but, in the minds of the superstitious sugar-makers, confirmed the ghostly legends which had been previously current among them; and the excitement throughout the valley became intense. Fortunately, it was about the breaking up of the sugar-making season, or much loss would have been sustained by the immediate abandonment of the camps which took place. Many could not be prevailed upon to remain another night, but packed up and left that day, while those who were unable to leave so precipitately took good care not to be alone after nightfall.

Muttering, partially restored from the effects of his fright, was sent home, but for several days he was in a very precarious condition. It was many weeks before he was considered to have recovered his right mind. His account of the appearance of the ghost, its pursuit of him through the woods, and his narrow escape by crossing a running stream—which he did by plunging into the half-frozen Mahoning, nearly up to his neck—was truly thrilling, and was as religiously believed by most of his hearers as by himself.

There were some incredulous persons, however, who laughed at the story of the old squaw's ghost, and gave a different explanation of the thrilling events of that memorable night. For Graves, who made the bet of a jug of whiskey with the boasting Muttering, was known to be a most incorrigible wag and practical joker. It had been ascertained that farmer Sap's white filly was missing from the stable on that night; and it was rumored that the farmer's daughters—one of whom was Joe's sweetheart—had assisted him in getting up a ghostly costume, similar in every particular to that in which the old squaw's ghost made its night-ride through the sugar-camps of the Mahoning Valley.

Joe Graves stoutly denied any knowledge of that night's doings; but this was accounted for by the fact that it would have been dangerous for him to have done otherwise—at least while Muttering was about.

W. T. THOMPSON.

## THE THEATRES OF PARIS.

### LA COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

TO any person who is at all imbued with a love for the dramatic art, or a desire to study it in its highest form and most per-

fect development, a visit to this, the most celebrated dramatic temple in the world, appears almost in the light of a solemnity. So many memories of celebrated authors and world-renowned dramatic artists cluster around its portal, that it seems to be less the renown of the living actors that has drawn us hither than the memory of the dead. Here, in our own generation, on yonder stage stood Rachel, peerless queen of classic tragedy, unrivaled in her own day, and without a successor in ours. Here smiled and sparkled the charming Augustine Brohan, authoress as well as actress, who gave these boards more than one successful *petite* comedy from her own pen, and who passed from the scene of her triumphs into the gloom of a cloister. Stories are still told of the generous nature and kindly heart of this French Peg Woffington, of whom, among other kindly deeds, it is recorded that she once nursed a young Brazilian who was attacked with the cholera while in Paris, through all the phases of his illness, though every one else fled from him in terror. Here, too, once flourished the beautiful Mademoiselle Judith, who was so charming in "Mademoiselle de Belle Isle," and whom the aged Prince Jerome, the uncle of the late emperor, and father of Prince Napoleon, loved not wisely but too well, though his age should have taught him wisdom. There is a tradition extant of how this fair actress once took possession of the state equipage of the prince and drove round Paris with all the glory of the green-and-gold liveried outriders and postillions, and was saluted formally by every sentry as soon as the well-known liveries of the imperial family were recognized. To this freak was owing the law, soon after passed, making it a punishable offense for any person, not a member of the imperial family, to appear in public with their arms and liveries. But we are straying from the realms of art into that of gossip; a thing, alas! only too easy to do in this bewitching city. Let us rather remember the great artists of the immediate past, such as Samson and Regnier, the former the teacher of Rachel, the latter the original *Dumont* in "Le Supplice d'une Femme," and one of the most accomplished and thorough dramatic artists that have ever adorned any modern stage. Or, rather, let us cease to meditate over the glories of the past, and consent only to trouble ourselves about the present. We are lingering too long on the threshold of this world-famous theatre—let us enter. As we do so, a statue placed opposite the door attracts our attention, a sitting figure in a Roman garb, with a finely-poised head and a noble, intellectual countenance. It is a statue of Talma, and, as we gaze upon it, we can well imagine those fine, expressive features illumined with the fire of the scene and the inspiration of the hour. Truly the stage owns no such grand-looking hero nowadays, unless, indeed, we may except the magnificent Salvini. On we go, up the broad and elegant staircase, and, ere entering our *loge*, we pause for a moment in the *foyer*.

The *foyer* of the Théâtre Français is one of the finest in Paris, not so much in extent as in the richness of its frescoed ceiling and



gilded wood-work, and in the art treasures it contains, chief among which is the life-like statue of Voltaire by Houdon. The mocking philosopher sits gazing with a keen-eyed and sneering countenance at the groups that pass him by. On either side, around the room, are ranged busts of the French dramatists—Racine, Molière, Beaumarchais, etc.—but one must go into the adjoining corridor to find there the few moderns admitted into this Walhalla, Scribe and Alfred de Musset among the number. Here, too, stands the celebrated statue of Rachel as "Tragedy," and respecting which the sculptor made that speech to Madame Ristori which so sorely wounded Rachel: "Madame," he said, "I once wrought a statue which I called 'Tragedy'—since I have seen you act I find that I was mistaken—my statue was only that of 'Melodrama.'" It was a similar kind of attack, made during the height of Ristori's Parisian success (for the critics were only too charmed to have a chance to retaliate upon Rachel for the arrogance wherewith she bore her long queenship of the French stage), that drove the great French tragédienne to our uncongenial shores, where she found, not applause, not fortune, but illness that led unto death. But the three solemn knocks, which have been used from time immemorial to announce the rising of the curtain here, have sounded; so let us hasten to gain our seats.

The auditorium itself, to an unaccustomed eye, looks dingy, not to say dirty. In shape and size it is imposing enough, with its four tiers rising majestically one above another, its rows of open and closed boxes, and its spacious balcon and parquette. The upholstery is of dark crimson, the wood-work being white and gold; and the designs, gold upon a white ground, that decorate the front of each tier, are of an arabesque pattern, and very beautifully and elaborately painted. An immense crystal chandelier hangs from the centre of the dome, the ceiling of which is covered with a very faded and blue-looking fresco, representing the apotheosis of Dramatic Art. The figures that support the proscenium are black with the dust of years, and the dim and dingy curtain, representing folds of crimson-velvet drapery, is worn and soiled with much usage during many years. The American spectator perceives with astonishment that there is no orchestra, music being considered as an innovation, too dangerous to high dramatic art to be permitted in this its solemn temple. In the centre of the arch above the proscenium a shield painted with green and gold bears the initials "R. F." (République Française), but the shield is not painted on the proscenium itself; it is a movable and separate article adapted for swift and easy removal, should that be rendered necessary by another change in the government. The curtain rises without any preliminaries, save the three knocks before mentioned, and the world-renowned stage is disclosed to our view.

The play is "Marion de Lorme," Victor Hugo's masterpiece, and the only one of his plays which is totally unknown to the American public, "Angelo," "Lucrece Borgia," "Marie Tudor," and "Ruy Blas," being familiar to us through the medium of translations more

or less horrible, and the librettos of the well-known operas of "Ernani" and "Rigoletto" ("Le Roi s'amuse") having acquainted us with the plots of two others. It is therefore specially interesting from being one of the few dramatic *chefs-d'œuvre* of the present generation, and it is also attractive on the present occasion from its unusually brilliant cast, no fewer than three of the leading men of the company being included in it, while the celebrated actress Mme. Favart enacts *Marion de Lorme*.

The first act shows us *Marion de Lorme* in her retreat at Blois. The celebrated courtesan, the beauty of the day, has fled from Paris, here to meet a youth whom she loves with a pure and elevated tenderness, while he, not knowing who she is, or aught of her, save the name of Marie, worships her as the most spotless as well as the fairest of her sex. This youth, *Didier* by name, is a foundling, poor, desolate, and once most unhappy, till the radiance of this one love, the first of his life, has come to shed its lustre on his miserable existence. The part is played by the young Mounet Sully, who has been hailed as the possible successor of Talma, and who is undoubtedly one of the finest actors now on the modern stage. The grace and intellect of Booth, and the fire and vitality of Fechter, are united in his impassioned but most delicately-shaded acting. Then, too, the mystic flame of genius animates his personation of the hapless lover. The other stars of the Comédie Française, Got and Bressant, who also take part in the play of the evening, are marvelous actors in their way, and nothing can be imagined more perfect in finish and style than their performance; but for that diviner lustre, which, irradiating out, lends it the semblance of Nature itself, we must look to their younger but more gifted confrère. He possesses also those personal advantages which most French actors seem so sadly to lack. Tall, slender, and finely-proportioned in form, with well-cut though somewhat attenuated features, and large, dark, expressive eyes, he looks the hero as perfectly as he performs the part. Nothing more beautiful or more touching can be imagined than his scene with Favart in this act, where *Didier* tells the melancholy story of his life, and implores his stranger love to become his wife. "Oh, if I could but see him play *Romeo*!" was my first thought at the sight of that delicate yet impassioned love-making, so refined, and withal so tender. Unfortunately, the illusion of the scene was marred by the personal appearance of Mme. Favart, who, great artiste though she is, is unfortunately very plain, and is also far from being young, so that the fervent tributes to *Marion's* beauty addressed to her by her lover, sound rather oddly in face of the actual circumstances of the case.

In the second act, *Didier* fights a duel, and is condemned to death by the royal edict, which punishes all participants in a duel with death. In the third act he has escaped from prison by the aid of *Marion*, and with her he has joined a troupe of strolling players, the better to facilitate his flight from France. But he learns at last who his supposed stainless love really is, and, maddened with an-

guish and despair at the overthrow of the one idol of his else loveless life, he gives himself up to his pursuer, *Laffemas*.

The fourth act introduces us to the court of Louis XIII., where *Marion* comes to plead for her lover's pardon. And here we realize most fully the vast difference between the French stage and our own. The king, in the whole play, appears nowhere save in this one act, of which, indeed, he is the principal personage, yet this brief part is played by the great actor Bressant, while the still smaller part of the court fool *L'Angely*, is performed by the scarcely less celebrated Got, who has succeeded Regnier in most of the latter's leading parts. Bressant's king is a marvelous personation. To use the words of Victor Hugo himself respecting the actor who first played the part, "melancholy, ill, and gloomy, bent double beneath the burden of the weighty crown forged for him by *Richelieu*, he reproduces the reality of history." The half-frenzied appeal of *Marion* to the king revealed also the great talent of Mme. Favart. Her hurried utterance, the words of her petition half choked with tears, her attitude as she fell upon her knees, her form convulsed and writhing with anguish, the expression of that wild, care-worn face, with desperation painted on the haggard features, and shining in the lurid eyes, made up a picture of painful intensity and truthfulness to Nature.

The last act shows us the prison. *Didier*, with his companion and late adversary, the *Marquis de Soremy* (a charming character, played with infinite *verve* and brightness by Delaunay), is awaiting the hour of death. It is near at hand; the clock strikes—another hour, and all will be over. The unhappy lover, still folding the portrait of *Marion* to his heart, is pursued by one thought, the remembrance of the woman he loved, and who deceived him; while the young courtier, still gay and careless, looks lightly on the world even in that solemn moment.

"Look, friend! how low you swallow flies." *Twill rain*  
This evening,"

he cries to his sombre companion, who heeds him not, nor hears him, plunged as he is in his own melancholy thoughts. In this scene the acting of Mounet Sully was beyond all praise. He realized the very ideal of the poet's creation—the lonely, loveless, morbid being whose one bright vision of beauty and purity had been changed into a shape of foulness and horror, and to whom death will come as a summons to release, not as a message of terror. Half maddened, and ever haunted by the one cruel, corroding thought, he awaits with restless impatience the doom which his companion forgets in sleep.

"Sleep, thou who canst sleep,"  
he murmurs, looking at the slumbering *Soremy*.

"Soon will come the hour  
When I too will sleep soundly. If but all may die—  
If of the heart inclosed within the tomb,  
Naught lives to hate what once it loved too well."

But suddenly *Marion* enters and falls at the feet of her lover. The pardon won from Louis is useless in the face of the more potent decrees of the cardinal, but she has

bribed the jailers, and she brings a disguise for *Didier*, and they will fly together. Breathless, panting, exhausted, she pours out her hurried story, in broken words and incoherent phrases, to which *Didier* listens in sombre silence. She appeals to him by the memory of their former love:

"Speak to me, look on me, and call me Marie!"  
*DIDIER* (*rising*). "Marie or Marion de Lorme?"  
*MARION* (*falling prostrate*). "Have mercy!"

All the pent-up vehemence of his agony finds vent in indignation. Bitterly does he reproach her with the deception she practised on him, and he refuses to accept life at her hands.

"What have I to fly from save from you?  
 The grave will hide me from you, it is deep!"

There was a world of anguish and of tenderness in Favart's last appeal:

"Strike me and leave me to contempt and shame;  
 Repulse me, tread me 'neath your feet—but fly!"

In fact, words fail wherein to express the admirable manner in which these two great artists rendered this scene.

The end comes—the report of the cannon announces that the hour has come, and that all hope is over. The gloomy *cortège* of the executioner enters, and *Saremy* and *Didier* are to be led away to death. In her despair, *Marion* prays for one last embrace—one word of pardon, but *Didier* turns from her and advances toward his doom. Suddenly he pauses, falters, breaks from his guards, and, rushing back to *Marion*, he clasps her in his arms.

"No, no, 'tis horrible—my heart is breaking;  
 No, I have loved thee too well—'tis impossible  
 To leave thee thus; it is too hard a task  
 To guard a stern front while the heart is breaking.  
 Come, dear one, to my arms! I die—I love thee,  
 And thus to tell thee is supremest joy."

The pathos, the tenderness of the words of pardon and farewell that follow cannot be described. Suffice it to say that there was scarcely a dry eye in the house, and it was but dimly through a mist of tears that I beheld the last farewell of the lovers, and followed the strained, eager glance which to the last *Didier* fixed upon the face of his beloved. As the procession passes out on its way to the scaffold, the gigantic scarlet litter of the cardinal is borne in, and *Marion* rushes toward it.

"In the name of Christ—in the name of your race,  
 Mercy for them, lord cardinal!"  
 (*Voice from the litter*). "No mercy!"

And all is said.

The play is over, and while the box-openers look out their cloaks and shawls, let us think for a moment over the performance of the evening. The acting was exquisite—it was marvelous—but, to our transatlantic eyes, it has the defect of being too delicately shaded, too devoid of strong effects, too much like a miniature painting which requires a magnifying-glass to reveal to the inexperienced eye its finest touches. Moreover, the whole troupe, with the exception of the young Mounet Sully, is rather fallen into the sear and yellow leaf. Bressant has already been summoned by the critics to refrain from playing *Count Almariva*, once one of his most celebrated characters, on account of his advanced age, and Got is any thing but

youthful in appearance; while I have already spoken of the lack of youth and comeliness which mars the perfection of the personations of the great actress Favart. The old guard bitterly oppose the introduction of younger members into their midst, and Mlle. Rousseil and M. Mounet Sully have conquered their positions by the sheer force of genius. I am much mistaken if the French tragic stage has not found its coming man in this latter, the most gifted actor I have ever seen upon the Parisian boards.

As we turn away from the great theatre, let us remember some of the historical associations connected with it. On the spot where now it stands, once rose that part of the ramparts of Paris where Joan of Arc received a wound in the shoulder from an arrow while sounding the depths of the ditch with her lance. Pity that the marksman had not pierced that brave and noble heart, and released that spirit, too pure and too heroic for the earth, and so prevented the dark tragedy of the stake at Rouen. Then, too, the bell which so lately sounded in our ears the funeral knell of *Didier* and of *Saremy*, once ushered in a more fearful real tragedy than any of the mimic ones it now aids, for it is the ancient bell of the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois—the bell whose sound ushered in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and which tolled unceasingly through all that dreadful night. When the belfry was repaired, some years ago, and a fine chime of bells placed therein, the director of the Comédie Française purchased the old historic bell, and now uses it for stage purposes. But we are lingering too long on the threshold—the lights are out, the audience has dispersed, and we must perforce say farewell.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## A DAY IN QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS.

IN passing over the old highway from Boston to Quincy, a flood of historic associations present themselves to enliven the way. As an old New-England country-road, it is unmatched in the beauty and variety of the panorama unfolded on all sides. Vistas in shady avenues, ocean views, a river winding through long reaches of meadow-land, hills rising in masses, and bathed in purple tints, succeed each other like the changes of a kaleidoscope. Even now moss-grown, weather-stained mile-stones are to be met with, the inscriptions which record, as in the old colonial day, the distances to "Boston Town-House," wellnigh effaced.

We take, in our way, the famous heights which, in 1775, blocked the entrance by land into the beleaguered town, the birthplace of Joseph Warren, the country-seats of the provincial Governors Belcher and Hutchinson, and the houses of the two Presidents Adams.

England has been called a lump of chalk. New England may be likened to a block of granite thinly covered with soil, and cropping out here and there in masses which the earlier English explorers described, with a shudder, as "daunting terrible." Some scientists are

fond of deducing a connection between the character of a people and the structure of that portion of the earth's crust they inhabit. Accepting this dogma as true, the analogy between the average Englishman and his chalk, and the average Yankee and his granite, would be curious indeed.

Geologically considered, no more interesting pathway could be selected than the one over which we have just hurried the reader. For a few miles nothing is seen except the ever-recurring substratum of pudding-stone. The roadside walls, the foundations of the houses, and even many of the public and private buildings, are of this curious conglomerate. From this formation we quickly pass on to the granite range, first called Braintree-stone, from the ancient name of Quincy. Before the quarries were opened, the stone lying upon the surface was used, to some extent, in building. Its color was a rusty brown, instead of the fine, dark gray of the material now excavated. King's Chapel, in Boston, built in 1754, is a specimen of Braintree-stone as originally utilized.

The ice and granite, which in winter give New England so forbidding an aspect, have proved among her greatest sources of wealth. Neal and Josselyn could hardly have foreseen that the one would be exported to Calcutta, and the other to San Francisco; that miles of railway would be built for no other purpose than to transport these extremely raw products to the sea, any more than they could have conceived the importance of the ice-harvest annually gathered, and which we now account among the necessities of life. It is the boast of England that her national airs may be heard in every quarter of the globe. Thanks to his ice, the American may have his "cocktail" in Shanghai, his "julep" at Grand Cairo, and his "cobbler" in Melbourne.

Nearly all the southwest part of Quincy is a solid mass of granite, rising hundreds of feet above the sea-level. The first railway in America worthy of the name was here put in operation, in 1826, to remove the granite destined for Bunker Hill monument from the quarries to tide-water, on Neponset River. The rails were of wood, plated with iron, and laid on blocks of stone, the gauge being six feet. The carriages weighed about six tons, and, when loaded with twenty tons of stone, were easily drawn over the tramway by one horse. Boston, before the great fire of 1872, was largely built of Quincy granite; but it must be admitted that the long ranges of buildings in this material had a gloomy and unpleasant effect when contrasted with the infinite variety and improved architectural taste as exhibited in the rebuilding.

Quincy, which owes its name to its old, distinguished family, is further remarkable as the scene of the first attempt to set up a commune in America. It was really of not so dangerous a character as the Paris movement during the Franco-German War, nor even of the impracticables of New York; but it caused the Plymouth rulers great uneasiness, and had to be broken up by force.

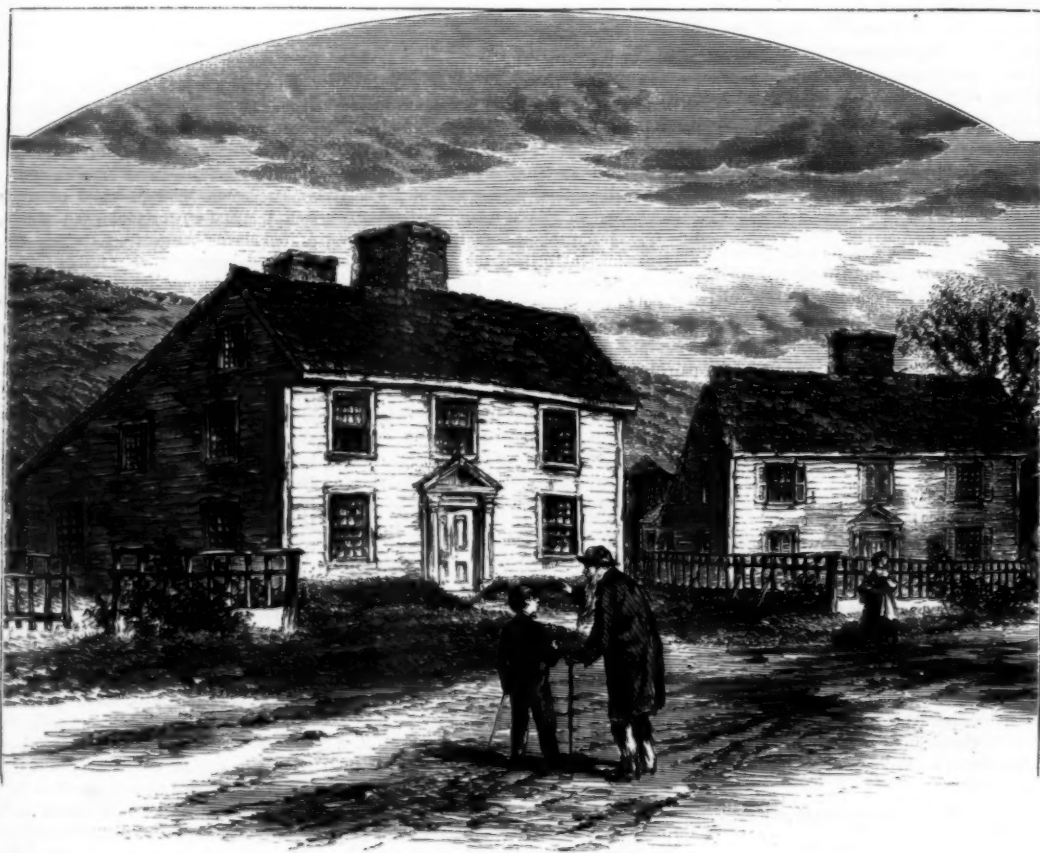
In 1625 (this was five years before Boston was settled) a Captain Wollaston began a colony in what is now Quincy. In his company was Thomas Morton, "of Clifford's Inn, gent,"

who had been in Plymouth as early as 1622, and, after ten years' acquaintance with the country, had printed a book about it, which he called the "New English Canaan." Wollaston went to Virginia in the autumn of 1626, and, after his departure, Morton was the leading spirit of the plantation. Both he and his followers seem to have preferred a life of idleness and pleasure to one of such toil as usually fell to the lot of new colonists; taking little heed of the morrow, and wasting their substance in riotous living. They set up a May-pole, around which they drank, feasted, and danced, to the great scandal of the Plymouth ascetics, who considered such conduct

Half an hour's ride along the south shore of the bay, attractive in any aspect, and always dotted with the white sails of ships outward or homeward bound, brings you to a halt at the railway-station in Quincy. A mile farther on, the line, passing within near view of a group of ancient dwellings, curves gracefully around the base of a very respectable hill into the town of Braintree. Of the houses, the two seen in the accompanying illustration are the most noted; the eminence beyond is called Penn's Hill. The house on the right is that in which John Adams was born; the other was the birthplace of his son, John Quincy Adams. In one of those not unfre-

lier dwelling, and Count Rumford in just such another as the one John Adams tells us reeled and shook in the earthquake of 1755. He was born in 1755, and how much more ancient the house may be is uncertain, though in appearance it is old enough to date any time since the settlement of the town. From Penn's Hill John Q. Adams and his mother saw the smoke arising from burning Charlestown on the day of Bunker Hill; and, during the siege, the lad ascended the hill every evening to see the shells thrown by the opposing armies—to him a brilliant pyrotechnic display.

Seated on an old stone-wall near by, I



BIRTHPLACE OF THE TWO PRESIDENTS, JOHN ADAMS AND JOHN Q. ADAMS.

impious. So far as the community of Merry Mount—as Morton named Mount Wollaston—professed any religion, they appear to have followed the forms of the English Church. They finally gave just cause of offense to the neighboring settlements by selling arms to the Indians; and Morton, having repelled with derision the remonstrances of the Plymouth authorities, it was determined to put an end to the colony. The redoubtable Miles Standish was dispatched with a force to Merry Mount, where he seized Morton and the more unruly spirits, and carried them prisoners to Plymouth. The law of the strongest seems to have been exercised in behalf of self-preservation, an inexorable law in 1628.

quent moments in which care weighed too heavily upon him, the elder Adams wrote: "I had rather build wall on Penn's Hill than be the first prince of Europe, or the first general or first senator of America." And his accomplished wife speaks always to the heart of every true woman when she says: "My humble cottage, at the foot of Penn's Hill, has more charms for me than the drawing-room at St. James's."

Two humbler and more unpretending structures could hardly be met with to-day in New England than the pair at the foot of Penn's Hill. They are, in fact, types of the sturdy, unæsthetic, but well-balanced Puritan character. Franklin was born in a still low-

tried to imagine young John Adams, stripped to his shirt and smalls, ditching in yonder meadow, as an alternative to the detested Latin grammar. He declares that he found ditching harder than the grammar, and the first forenoon the longest he ever experienced.

When John Quincy was a year old, his father became a resident of Boston, and, after various removals, purchased a house in Queen Street, opposite the court-house, and very near the printing-office of Edes & Gill, publishers of the *Boston Gazette*, the most "pestilent" of the rebel sheets, to which Mr. Adams contributed articles on the political questions of the day.

SAMUEL A. DRAKE.



## MY STORY.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

(Published from Advance-Sheets.)

## CHAPTER XIII.

A FAREWELL.

I Woke early, and jumped out of bed, and then I remembered that Eugène had not specified any time for meeting me. Captain Brand had said we were to leave Château Fontaine very early. So it would be best to go down the winding staircase as soon as I was ready; but then Rosalie might come with my coffee, and she would seek for me, and our meeting would be interrupted. I feel that Rosalie means mischief. I do not think one ever takes so strong a dislike for nothing, and it is not ordinary dislike that I feel toward this woman; it is a shrinking antipathy.

When I am dressed, I open the windows and look out; the sun shines brightly, but my window only looks down on a little dingy square court, with buildings on all four sides, and a pump, with a greenish stone trough, in the centre; but, though I can only see a blue sky, so blue that there is nothing suggestive in it, I can hear the birds chirping and twittering to one another in a very pleasant fashion, unlike any thing I ever heard on the other side of the world. The sound led my thoughts away from Eugène, and a longing came to me for something which I had never known—a home, such a home as I had dreamed of, full of sunshine, and mirth, and love, without the petty formalities which in our house made us a collection of persons like the books on the library-shelves—separately closed, with no power of getting together.

My father I saw every morning at our silent breakfast while he read his letters.

I spent all my evenings in the school-room, I had never really seen much of my mother till we came on board the *Adelaide*. I believe her day was given up to my two sisters, and to the duties of society. She came into the school-room every morning and kissed me, and I lunched with her. My governess was so anxious for my progress that she never allowed talk on any subject but education; besides, she was always reading to herself.

The birds seem to have happy homes in their nests.

But the birds leave their nests as soon as they are full-grown, so the time is past for the home-life I have been longing for, and then I remember that every bird makes itself a nest of its own.

Ah! but it is quite different; and it only shows that one cannot make comparisons between animal and human life. Every bird mates, and I suppose quite half of men and women never marry, and, unless one has a home like a nest, I would rather not marry.

At last I hear Rosalie coming. For once I am glad to see her; marriage, and all thoughts belonging to it, make me feel weary

of life. I should like a home with friends in it, but no husband or marriage for me.

"Tiens, mam'zelle"—Rosalie sets the tray on the table, and pulls off the tucked-up ends of the cloth with triumph—"but see how good is Monsieur l'Abbé—here is a wing of chicken and some eggs, and a brioche and coffee and some abricots, because mam'zelle makes her journey at the hour when reasonable folks take their breakfast."

"Yes, he is very good; you can thank Monsieur l'Abbé for me—it is possible I shall not see him before I go."

"Yes, it is possible; it is now seven, and the cart is to come at half-past eight for the luggage of mam'zelle."

She stands by me, waiting to see me begin, so I eat as fast as I can in the hope she will go. But she lingers so long that I lose patience and begin to eat slowly.

"You need not stay, Rosalie," I say; "you must have plenty to do, and I shall eat much better if I am left alone."

Rosalie looks at me with her sly eyes, and then she laughs and goes away. I am half glad to leave Château Fontaine because of that woman; she is something between an idiot and a witch—a sort of yellow-haired female Caliban. I believe she is much younger than I fancied her. I only hope her mother is not like her. But I must hurry now. I pack all my things, and then I put on my hat and open my door very quietly.

In a moment or two I am safely past the door leading on to the gallery, and then I go on down the corkscrew stairs. Down, down, down. Eugène may well call it dark—it feels like a well or a dungeon, and full of cobwebs which come filming into my eyes and mouth, and turn me sick with horror. Oh, how I abhor darkness, it is so like falsehood and deceit! This thought makes me stand still so suddenly, that I cling to the rope, and quite forget how dirty it looked up above in the light. Deceit! What am I doing this morning? Why did I creep by Captain Brand's door so quietly if I am not deceitful? But no, nonsense, it is all his fault; he has put me into a false position, and he is answerable for all that happens. I must go on now, Eugène is waiting. I hurry on, and come to the end of the staircase with a suddenness that nearly upsets me. I grope for the fastening of the door, and I feel the latch move under my fingers. Eugène is pushing it open from the other side.

I just see that he looks more handsome than ever in the bright sunshine, and then his eyes sparkle so at sight of me, that I feel all at once ashamed and shy. If the door had not closed again behind me, I believe I should run away.

"Dear Gertrude, this is very kind." He holds my hand tightly in his, and draws me away from the door. I cannot remember what the place was like that we stood in; I only know that it was not the pig-and-chicken yard of yesterday. All I see is Eugène, and behind him is an old stone-wall, and a great plot of yellow marigolds grows at our feet.

"Then you know I am going?" I look up at Eugène; his face is so full of love for me that I feel I cannot go away from him. Tears come up into my eyes, and then I do

not know how, but both my hands are in Eugène's, and he is calling me his "bien-aimée."

"Shall I never see you again?" My lips quiver so that I stop—I shall sob outright if I try to speak.

"Never see me? Gertrude, is it possible that you do not understand my love; you are my idol, I adore you, I worship you!" He kisses my hands so hard that I try to pull them away, but he is gentle in an instant. "Do not be alarmed, my well-beloved, it is all new to you, and if it had not been for this cruel parting I would have been more discreet, more patient, but how can I let you depart, my angel, without telling you my love—without asking for yours in return? You do love me, do you not?"

"I—I—you are my friend." I am getting so red that my eyes feel the glow on my cheeks. "I will always be your friend." I get this out bravely, and look up once more at Eugène.

He bends down and whispers, "You will be my friend now, but some day you will be more than that," and then his arm comes round me, and my face is on his shoulder. For the moment I am glad to hide it.

"Oh!" I whisper softly, "let me be always your friend."

"Say that you love me, and you shall be what you please." His lips are so close that the words are breathed into me rather than spoken. I am so happy; I should like to die just now, never to know an awakening from the strange, wild delight I feel.

"You will write to me, my beautiful Gertrude?"

"How can I write? The abbé will see my letters," I whisper.

"No; listen, Gertrude. I will write first. I know this village where Madame La Peyre lives. The abbé has seen it, and he has described it to me. There is a post-office, and you will inquire there for letters, and in every letter I will tell you where to write to me."

I look up full of admiring wonder; he seems such a strong power for my lonely helplessness. I can hardly believe I have such a friend, and he is all mine, too; at least I think he is.

"But you will forget me," I say, timidly, for indeed, when I look up and see him so bright, so beautiful and noble, a painful sense of unworthiness comes to me; I feel quite another girl from the Gertrude who thinks herself too good for Captain Brand.

"Do you think I can forget you?" He draws me closer, so close that I raise my head in remonstrance; and somehow Eugène kisses my lips. I free myself at once, I am angry, but I tremble from head to foot.

"You must not, indeed you must not; friends can be quite as dear without that."

He takes my hand so very gently and tenderly.

"My dear little one, when dear friends part, they must be allowed to say a tender farewell. You are not afraid I shall forget you now; we belong to each other; you believe me, my sweet friend."

His words send a shudder through me. I do not look on Captain Brand as my husband,

but I have sense enough to know that for the present there is a bar between me and Eugène. I will tell him every thing, and he shall decide.

My hand has staid in his passively, but now I hold it tightly, and look up in his face for the help I need in my confession.

Ah! I need never doubt his love; his eyes are telling me that, telling it with such a glow of confident happiness, that my doubts are quite melted by the warmth that seems to fill my veins; doubt is so chill of itself, it cannot linger now.

"Eugène, I do believe, and I will always love you." He takes both my hands in his again, and looks at me so intently, that I cannot keep my eyes on his; and I am sorry, for I so love his eyes. "But I want to tell you something."

He starts. "Not now, my well-beloved;" he takes one hand away, but holds both mine with the other, and I feel that he is looking away.

A gate opens and swings-to (even now if I hear the sharp slam of a gate, my heart turns sick at the sound); then heavy, powerful steps, how well I know them, come close to where we are standing. I try to be myself again, and look boldly up at Captain Brand, and claim my right to this leave-taking with Eugène. I am not a slave.

I wonder why Eugène seems to care so much. He stands quite silent.

"Miss Stewart, I have been looking for you," Captain Brand's voice sounds, oh! so hard and severe; "we are to start very soon. Will you come and see about your luggage with me?"

My spirit forces itself through my confusion. Captain Brand is so strangely pale.

"You know I have no luggage, only the bag I brought from Havre, it is quite ready in my room."

I draw a little nearer to Eugène. I feel that this is perhaps our last moment together. I will not be carried off from him without saying "Good-by."

Captain Brand is surely bewitched. I had counted on making him angry, and then I knew I could manage him, but his voice is just as stiff and measured when he speaks again:

"Very well; then you had better say good-by to Monsieur de Vanocresson at once, and we will go together to make our adieux to the abbé, and thank him for his kind hospitality."

I feel a warning pressure in Eugène's hand, but I am resolved that Captain Brand shall not see me say good-by, so I turn my back upon him.

We have said good-by, and I am following the man whom I hate more than ever along a rough path through gates I do not know, till we emerge beside the terrace before the house.

How dreadful it is to say good-by, and to feel some one stands by who has no sympathy with either one's love or one's sorrow! Good-by—it is so quickly said, but till it is said the meaning does not touch one's heart, it feels to me like a dream that I am parted from Eugène. I have not said one of

the words I had planned to say. I wanted to ask so many questions, to tell him he is the first friend I had ever had—the only one I mean to trust in, so that I cling to him as I never clung to any one before. I am wrenched away, with all these new-springing feelings created for no purpose, for they cannot be shared with him. I long to get relief in a burst of tears, but my heart is hard and heavy, there is a dull weight on every thing which checks the keen sorrow that pierces me. A cry goes up from me as the weight grows heavier.

"I cannot bear it—I cannot! What have I done to have all this grief laid on me, and such a hopeless load beyond, for I feel so subjected by the strong will which is, as it were, leading me away a captive, that in this despair I am hopeless of freedom."

The *charrette*, a very rude chaise-cart, is below the steps. My walnut-faced friend the *concierge* stands at the horses' heads smiling, as if departure were a festival.

The abbé comes out of the house as we draw near; he must have been watching for us, but I scarcely notice him; behind him, hiding behind one flap of the double doors, is the grinning face of Rosalie, grinning, and yet with such a fixed spite in her eyes that surely some fiend has picked up a satyr's mask, and is watching our starting through its eye-holes.

Ah! it is Rosalie who has done it; she spied on me, and then sent Captain Brand to disturb my parting with Eugène. But I do not feel angry, I seem lost in utter dull stupor; and now we have shaken hands with the abbé, and on our way to Havre.

Yes, I have left Château Fontaine; when shall I see it again?

I leave off here. I think I have left my childish days on the threshold of that door beside the plot of marigolds—till to-day I have lived for myself—now I am only a part of the life of Eugène de Vanocresson.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### MERDON.

I BELIEVE in first impressions. Now that I see the words written down, I fancy I have small reason, personally, for this belief; but the first aspect of Merton, in all the golden glory of an August afternoon, softened at a glance the dislike I had conceived against it as a place of residence.

I had seen very little of Captain Brand on our journey. We crossed at night from Havre to Southampton, and then traveled on with scarcely any pause all the long, tedious way into Devonshire.

I believe the country between Exeter and Merton is very beautiful, but I was too unhappy and too tired to care about it. I leaned back with closed eyes, neither asleep nor awake. The continual talk of two old gentlemen about politics kept me awake, although I could not get interested in what they said; and when they changed the subject, and I hoped for something more interesting, they only talked of best kind of oil-cake for feeding bullocks.

The abbé had written to his sister, and had inclosed the letter which my mother had consigned to the care of Captain Brand, so Madame La Peyre would have had some warning of my arrival.

"Here is Merton station," says Captain Brand.

I am so unwilling to rouse myself, I unclosethe my eyes. The two old gentlemen go on with their talk, so they are not Merton people. Captain Brand folds his newspaper very neatly, collects our bags and wraps, and then hands me out.

He makes some inquiry, and then he turns to me.

"There is no fly, and the house is quite near, so perhaps you will not mind walking. Are you very tired?"

There is that tender sound in his voice which always irritates me. I will not look up.

"Not very," and I look at the white gate behind the station to show him I am ready.

I follow Captain Brand up the steep road from the station in a sleepy, stupefied way; but, when we come to the end of it, I stop and look about me.

The road opens upon a sudden space shaded by elm-trees. These stand in groups of three and four apart from one another, and leave plenty of space for sunlight on large trunks of prostrate trees below—timber so gray that it looks as if it had lain there stripped of its bark ever since some of the whitewashed stone cottages round it were first built. In the centre of the space is an old iron pump, with a gray-stone trough in front; but it looks dry and unused.

The granite church stands on ground a little above the rest. A flight of steps near the pump leads up into the low-walled churchyard. At first it seems as if there were about six houses in Merton; the thought comes to me that it is a charming picture, but a lifeless one. It reminds me of a toy of trees and cottages we used to play with—cottages in and out among the trees, as if they were having a game of hide-and-seek. As I look farther I see that this game of hide-and-seek is a feature of the village; cottages peep out nestled behind the tree-trunks; then, down a sudden turn, between two cottages, we come upon three or four set at right angles, with apple-trees in a tiny garden, the branches borne down with a weight of russet fruit.

When we reach the pump we see that the ground slopes down abruptly to another group of elms, which, although rooted at a so much lower level, tower up as high as those which stand on the rise above. In this valley is a little stream, where the Merton ducks are splashing and fighting, and some girls are dipping quaint red pitchers to get water. Captain Brand stands still when we reach the edge of the steep descent. A girl in a red petticoat and white bonnet, with huge flaps hanging from it, turns round when she has filled her huge pitcher, and climbs up the bank.

Captain Brand goes forward to speak to her, but I stand still; I like to look at the sweet, peaceful scene. Above the cottageroofs in the hollow I get a vision of sloping green hills and dark woods; at my feet struts

a hen with her brood; they are only three small ducks, and, as she clucks with all the importance of a fussy dowager, the ducks waddle in her wake; but every now and then instinct gets the better of duty, and they slip into the little stream and swim there merrily.

But the trees delight me; they are so grand, so stately, and they give such massive shadow; I never saw such trees before. The sun, even at the hottest, could not filter through the closely-leaved boughs and twigs that cross and recross overhead.

But Captain Brand has finished his questioning.

"Madame La Peyre's house is this way."

He looks over his shoulder at me, and begins to descend the bank to the stream.

A wild thought comes and rouses me. Now, here is an opportunity; if I run away in this strange place, where no one knows me, I may hide till Captain Brand has gone away. I know he must be in London to-morrow. I look round, and then a quite common vulgar obstacle fetters me—I have scarcely any money. Captain Brand told me on board the *Eclair* that he had some property my mother had given him to take care of for me. He was too wise, doubtless, to trust me with it till I am safe with Madame La Peyre. Well, we shall see. I suppose madame cannot tie me by the leg. After all, I should not have had time to get away; Captain Brand has already come to a halt, and is waiting for me.

"Madame La Peyre lives down there," he says, still over his shoulder, and he goes down the steep path toward the stream.

We pass a half-ruined wooden cottage, with a plank bridge over the water. We go alongside of the clear stream, so clear that the many-colored stones shine like jewels in its bed, and then we come to a little wooden bridge, with a thicket of tall purple flowers on each side of it. I love flowers, and I long to gather some of these, they look so feathery, crowning their tall spikes of narrow green leaves, but the captain goes on so fast that I am obliged to follow. Across a field—for it looks like a field made into a kitchen-garden, with potatoes on one side, starred with exquisite white and purple flowers, and a tall hedge of scarlet beans on the other hand. The path is stony, but I do not heed this. On every side hill rises over hill in varied shape and color, some bright-green slopes, checkered with golden squares ready for reaping; then, cutting across these, another hill rises abruptly, and turns a long shoulder of moor on its neighbor. I had never seen color like this before; rich purple, which I guessed to be heather, mingled with orange and a velvet-like brown, and in the midst huge masses of a cold gray granite, so fantastic in shape, and with such an abundance of scattered fragments, that it seemed as if giants had been playing ninepins, and had been petrified in the midst of their game.

There is something weird in the contrast of the smiling green and golden slopes with the barren moor and its rugged tenants. But a group of ash-trees stands before us, and shuts out any distant view.

Captain Brand holds open a gate, and we go on under the shade of the ash-trees, which rise from hedges on each side of the road. I

have never seen hedges like these; they seem to be built up of fragments of granite topped with hazel and hawthorn bushes, but so thick a growth of ferns and mosses clusters out between these fragments of stone that their presence is only revealed by an occasional gray morsel peeping out between the delicate fronds of black maiden-hair, as if to see the world. I gather the ferns greedily; many of them are new to me. I have just made a lovely nosegay with rosy flowers in the midst, when Captain Brand turns down a descent between low stone-walls, which open suddenly on our right, so sharply and suddenly that I wonder how horses can go down it, yet the road is full of cart-ruts. The stone-wall on the right is ivy-grown, but over it I get a glimpse of farm-buildings; a little farther on we come to a stile in it, made of two huge granite blocks, set one rather above the other. Captain Brand vaults over this like a boy, and then holds out his hand to help me; but I don't care to be helped. He looks rather surprised when I jump from the topmost stone. I dare say he thinks me a hoiden, but his opinion is of no consequence to me.

We find ourselves in a grassed orchard, with a narrow path leading down to a gate. I never saw such an up-and-down country; there does not appear to be any level ground.

Captain Brand goes forward and opens the gate, and then he stands still, with a puzzled look on his face. I fancy he is very neat and particular, and I almost laugh at his dismay. If this is the entrance, it is very unlike all I have heard of English habits. A large square yard littered with dirty straw; in the midst a huge stone-trough, at which some black pigs are feeding; how different to the pigs of *Château Fontaine*!—these are round and plump and short-legged, just like grown-up sucking-pigs. Facing us, on the opposite side of the yard, is the farm-house, but seemingly the back view of it, for only one window appears, and a quaint, projecting stone porch, with a gable and square moulding below. We stand hesitating. Presently a figure moves in the shadow within the porch, and then the low wicket in front of it is drawn inward, and a tall woman comes a few steps forward. Very tall, very thin, with a reddish skin and dark eyes, she has thin, pinched lips, and a high, narrow forehead, as unlike as possible, and yet I knew by instinct, as well as by the jacket and skirt and cap, that this is not Madame La Peyre, but Rosalie's mother, *la mère Angélique*.

She stands waiting our approach with a stately courtesy, a half smile on her straight lips, but no welcome in her eyes, and yet, as I looked directly into them, I see good, expressive eyes, which could show love if *la mère Angélique* would let them. I have none of the antipathy toward her which I expected, only fear. I shrink nervously from the severe scrutiny of those piercing dark eyes.

The old woman courtesies, first to me and then to Captain Brand.

"*Servante, mamzelle et m'sieur. Madame waits in the salon.*"

Captain Brand bends his tall head and passes under the arched porch. I noticed that its floor, and even that of the room into

which it led through a wide passage, are paved with hard, stone-like substances.

The room into which she brings us looks like a kitchen; it is all of black, shining wood. From the open, heavy-beamed ceiling hang hams, huge pieces of bacon, and fagots of herbs. A fire burns on the open hearth, just as I had seen it at *Château Fontaine*, only here a hook hangs down from the chimney, and holds a huge pot boiling over the blaze; two wooden seats are fixed on each side, and the wall is built out so as to leave two comfortable screened seats actually in the fireplace.

An old, helpless-looking man sits on one of these seats, with a small round table before him; opposite is a scarlet curtain, and in front of this a little golden-haired child of a year old is swinging in a tiny chair suspended from one of the beams. It is so blue-eyed, so like a lovely cherub, that I forget all my fear, and the pending introduction to Madame La Peyre.

I slipped away from Angélique, and kissed and hugged the little darling.

"It is a pretty child, is it not, Gertrude?"

I bit my lip with vexation. Captain Brand had come back to where I stood, and I always repressed any show of feeling before him.

"Yes," I said, indifferently. We passed through a very small door, and stepped down a stone step into Madame La Peyre's *salon*.

Not a pretty room in itself; the floor seemed to have sunk; the windows were, I think, unnaturally near the low ceiling—such queer windows, wide and low, and divided into small compartments, filled with diamond-shaped panes. There was a certain brightness about the arrangements—vases of flowers on the table and on the low bookcases round the walls. The seat below the window was cushioned with bright Eastern-looking stuff, and from this rose up an old lady, for whom I felt a liking at once.

She was dressed in black silk, and she wore on her head a tasteful cap of some delicate lace, with just a little soft-colored pink ribbon.

She came forward, made a deep courtesy to Captain Brand, and then she put her arms round me and kissed me on both cheeks. Her skin felt as soft as velvet. She looked the impersonation of daintiness. Her hair was gray, almost white, but it had been very dark; her eyebrows were still black, and her eyes were dark and shining. I do not think she had been a beauty, but there was a liquid light in her eyes which was irresistible. No squareness of brow, nothing to give hardness, but such a mixture of sweetness, with arch vivacity, in those deep-set eyes and in the mobile, smiling mouth—such a grace in her small, slender figure, even in the movements of her delicate little hands, that I was at once captivated. I begin to see that every thing French has a strange fascination for me—a softness, a something, so opposed to the square ponderousness of the English—or is it because I find in any French person a link to Eugene? Rosalie is French certainly, but I forget her; but there must be exceptions to every thing.

"She is so like her mother." Madame



keeps her arm round my waist and looks at Captain Brand, and then, before we are seated, Angélique appears at a door opposite to that by which we have come in.

"Madame will be served directly," she says, in her grave, earnest voice. "Mamzelle will have the goodness to follow me."

Rosalie over again, but I follow her; only, as I climb up the broad, uneven staircase, I resolve that Angélique shall not treat me as if I were a child.

We land at the end of such a long gallery that I see the house is much larger than I had fancied.

"Entrez, mamzelle."

Angélique opened the door of a large room, with a high, coved ceiling, whitewashed now, but with carved ornaments on the ceiling and mantel-shelf, which tell of an old date.

"This is madame's room," she explains; "mamzelle sleeps beside her." She crosses the next room, too large to sleep in, I think, and opens a door on the farther side of a great canopied bed.

"Voilà for mamzelle."

A pretty cozy little room, but I see no other entrance. I am to be cooped up, am I, like a chicken?

I stoop down to look out of the window, which is sunk and deeply recessed, and I see a sight which puts Angélique and Madame La Peyre out of remembrance.

My window looks out on open country, hill rises behind hill, and a chain of strangely-shaped, abrupt peaks ends my view; the last of these is higher, and has a wider summit than the rest, and over it hangs a sort of mist, which makes me feel sad and full of foreboding. I have no time to look at the lovely foreground of this scene, for Angélique rouses me.

"Mamzelle can look out to-morrow, the day after—when she will; but now she must arrange herself for dinner."

## APRIL SNOW.\*

ONCE upon a time,  
Through a park while going,  
April in its prime,  
Apple-blossoms blooming,  
By the grassy marge  
Of a lake delicious,  
Wandered I at large,  
Watching little fishes.

Watching brindled bees,  
'Mid the blossoms fragrant,  
Titmice in the trees,  
King-birds fleetly vagrant;  
Butterflies in quest  
Of their sweethearts flitting;  
Robin on her nest,  
In the birch-tree sitting.

Tranquil was the sky,  
Softly mild the weather;  
Till the clouds on high,  
Closing down together,

\* In the latter part of April, three years ago, the writer of these verses observed, in Central Park, the incident embodied. The swallows, just arrived from the South, had probably never seen snow-flakes before, and, from their action, apparently mistook them for insects.

Heaved in packs immense,  
Into an awful form,  
Pitchy dark and dense,  
Presaging a storm.

Then the whirlwind swept  
With a wild commotion,  
And the lakelet leaped  
Like a tiny ocean;  
And the snow-flakes flew,  
Slanting, whirling, swirling,  
Wildly through and through,  
Dismal darkness whirling.

And, amid the snow,  
Over hills and hollows  
Flying swift and low,  
Came a troop of swallows,  
Darting here and there,  
On the snow-flakes pouncing,  
Deeming that they were  
Moths extremely bouncing.

Soon the tempest passed,  
And the foolish swallows  
Fled before its blast,  
Over pools and shallows,  
Tilting at the flakes,  
Tumbling wild amid them,  
Till the hazy brakes  
In the distance hid them.

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

## MISCELLANY.

MINOR ORIGINAL ARTICLES, TRANSLATIONS, AND SELECTIONS.

### EUGÈNE DELACROIX, THE GREAT FRENCH PAINTER.

NOW that it has ceased to be dangerous to mention this great name—one that posterity will not forget—it would not be easy to imagine what opposition its possessor had to contend against, what a hard battle he had to fight.

Each one of his works raised the most violent discussions. Epithets more gross and injurious than were applied to him, could not have been found for the meanest thief or most cowardly assassin. Dignity and courtesy, in criticising him, were ignored, and, when his opponents were at a loss to find language sufficiently strong in which to condemn him, they did not hesitate to borrow from the vocabulary of the fish-markets. He was a savage, a barbarian, a maniac, a madman, a fool, who ought to be sent back to the town where he first saw the light—Charenton. As for taste, of course he had none, and how could he have any since he was a monomaniac in his love for the ignoble and monstrous? And then he could not draw; he broke limbs enough to have kept the cleverest surgeon in Paris busy in setting them. He threw his colors at his canvas by the handful, and then did his blending, when he attempted to do any, with an inebriated whitewash-brush. This same inebriated whitewash-brush in good time produced enormous effects. In those days the jury of the *Institut* was pleased, every year, to refuse one or two of his pictures. Some of the works of the great master, that are to-day so prized, were returned with an ignominious "R" on the back, like the daubs of a tyro.

It is thus that genius is often at first received; a strange error, at which succeeding generations are astonished, and of which each generation, in its turn, is guilty. In order to form any conception of the extent to which Delacroix, at the first, horrified the old fogies, one should have an idea to what degree

the pseudo-classic school of art, a faint reflex of David, had degenerated. An *aérolite* falling with flame, smoke, and thunder, in a swamp, among a chorus of frogs, would not create a greater disturbance than he did among his colleagues, when he made his appearance among them. Fortunately, Delacroix had from the beginning the sympathy of the *école romantique*, although he denied later ever having shared the opinions and indorsed the doctrines of the innovators, therein imitating Byron, who exalted Pope at the expense of Shakespeare. These partisans, not numerous but fanatic, defended him, not only with their voices, but with their pens, and increased his confidence in himself. But never was genius more courageous, more obstinate, or redoubtable in battle. Nothing daunted him—neither insult, mockery, nor failure. He continued to fight as long as he lived, while other painters, more adroit and more susceptible, avoided the expositions, and exhibited their works to auditors of their own choosing. Finally, at the Grand Exposition Universelle of 1855, a collection of his works achieved an immense success. The gallery, which they filled, seemed to be illuminated by a different light from that which shone upon the others. After this triumph the critics were silent; indeed, since then his superb genius has been universally recognized.

Delacroix, whom I first met about the year 1830, was at that time an elegant but delicate young man, whom one could not forget, having once seen him. His complexion, a pale olive, his abundant black hair, which he retained to the end of his life, his eyes, with a wild, almost feline expression, and shaded by heavy eyebrows, his finely-cut thin lips, slightly parted over a magnificent set of teeth, and his broad, prominent chin, made a face of strange, almost savage beauty. He might have been taken for a maharaja of India, who had received the education of an accomplished gentleman at Calcutta, and had come to Paris to add to his knowledge of Western civilization. It was thought that Delacroix resembled Lord Byron, and, to show this resemblance, Devéria designed their profiles on the same medallion. The success denied to the painter, the man of the world, which Delacroix always was, obtained without difficulty. No one could be more fascinating than he when he chose to take the trouble. He knew how to soften the ferocious expression of his face by a smile full of sweetness. In the *salons* he frequented everybody exclaimed, "What a pity that such a charming man should be such a fearfully bad painter!"

At this epoch, agitated by literary discussions and new theories in aesthetics, no talker found more attentive listeners than Delacroix. He endeavored to remain silent, or, at most, to contribute a word now and then to the conversation, for even then he suffered from the disease of the throat of which, long years afterward, he died; but soon he would forget his resolution to talk little, and, entering into the discussion in hand, he would find the most appropriate terms in which to express ideas scarcely less original than they were sound.

Never did work resemble the ideal of the artist who executed it, less than did that of Eugène Delacroix. One was justified in believing that he sought amusement in theories so contrary to his practice, yet we have good reasons for believing that he was sincere. But when he was before his canvas, his palette on his thumb, in a studio which no one entered, he forgot his classic opinions of yesterday, and his emancipated genius gave birth to one of those conceptions which created such a hue-and-cry in the rival camps.

For a moment, it was thought that Eugène Devéria, whose "Birth of Henry IV." attracted so much attention on account of the felicity of its color, and who began to be

called the French Paul Veronese, was destined to be the romantic painter *par excellence*, but the hopes his brilliant *début* raised were not realized. Some mysterious influence turned this brilliant genius from its chosen route, and Delacroix remained the chief representative of the new school of painting.

At this time painting and poetry fraternized. The artists read the poets and the poets visited the artists. You found Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, Byron, and Scott, in the studios as well as in the studies. There were as many paint-spots as ink-spots on the margins of those immortal works. The imaginations, already highly excited, were rendered still more ardent by the reading of these foreign poets, so rich in color, in fancy so free and powerful. The enthusiasm fell little short of delirium. Now that this poetic fire has died out, and that this *génération poétique* occupies the scene, it is impossible to imagine the sensation produced by a certain picture, drama, poem, or romance, which we are wont to approve by a simple nod of the head—it was so new, so unexpected, so vivacious, so ardent.

Delacroix, although he affected a certain insensibility, was more alive than any of us to the spirit of the epoch, for none of us to the extent he did possessed that spirit. Every discordant current that disturbed the atmosphere, was felt by his delicately-sensitive organization. If he executed as a painter, he thought as a poet. He thoroughly comprehended, even to the most delicate and hidden shades of meaning, the authors in whose works he found his subjects. He entered completely into the characters he represented, and, in reproducing them, never failed to preserve all their distinctive features. While other clever artists of his epoch were content to design vignettes, he painted pictures that could exist independent of the works in which he found his ideas. And these ideas he exhausted so completely that he gave to the works additional significance, even for the authors themselves. We find in the conversations of Goethe, collected by Eckermann, this curious passage, under date of November 29, 1826:

"Goethe presented me with a lithograph representing the scene where Faust and Mephistopheles, to deliver Marguerite from prison, ride through the night mounted on two horses, and pass near a gibbet. Faust rides a black horse, at full gallop, which seems, like his cavalier, to be frightened at the spectres that pass beneath the gibbet. They ride so fast that Faust finds it difficult to keep his seat. They are facing a high wind which has blown off Faust's cap, that is held to his neck by a string, and floats at a distance behind him. He turns toward Mephistopheles a face full of anxiety, and seems to await his reply. Mephistopheles is tranquil, evinces no fear, and demeans himself as a superior being. He is not mounted on a living horse—he dislikes living things. And then he has no need of them—his will suffices to transport him through space as rapidly as the wind. He has a horse only because it is necessary that he should seem to have one. It was sufficient, therefore, for him to find the skeleton of a horse that still had its skin. This carcass is of a light color, and seems, in the darkness, to emit phosphorescent rays. It has neither saddle nor reins, but gallops on without either. The supra-terrestrial cavalier turns toward Faust with a careless mien; the wind they are facing does not exist for him or his horse—not a hair of either does it disturb.

"I confess," said Goethe, "that this conception of the scene surpasses my own. Here is another sheet. What do you say to this?"

"It represented the brutal scene in Auerbach's cellar. The moment chosen as being

the quintessence of the entire scene was that when the spilled wine bursts into flames, and when the bestiality of the drinkers manifests itself in various ways. All is passion and movement. Mephistopheles retains his habitually serene tranquillity. The blasphemies, the cries, the knife raised over him by his neighbor, do not disturb him. Seated on the corner of a table, it is sufficient for him to raise his finger, to extinguish the flames and subdue the passions. The more you contemplated the admirable design, the more you were forced to admire the genius of the artist, who had not made any one figure like another.

"Delacroix," said Goethe, "is a great genius, who, in Faust, finds his true aliment. The French reproach him with being crude, barbarous even, but here he is perfectly at home—here he is master."

"I remarked that such designs contribute greatly to a complete comprehension of the poem."

"Certainly," replied Goethe, "for the more fertile imagination of the painter compels us to think the situations such as he represented them. And, if Delacroix has surpassed my conception of the scenes he has illustrated, it is more than probable that he will surpass my reader's."

It was thus that the Jupiter of Weimar, in his old age, judged the early efforts of our intrepid innovator. Never was a greater compliment paid by poetry to painting. To have surpassed the great Goethe's imagination in picturing the scenes of "Faust" was a grand achievement.

If Shakespeare had been our contemporary, and could have seen the illustrations of "Hamlet," where the artist has penetrated so deeply into the mysterious drama—full of dark shadows and brilliant lights—he would have recognized in them, more vivid, more sinister, and more characteristic, the phantoms of his proper imagination.—Translated from "*Histoire du Romantisme*," by Théophile Gautier, Paris, 1874.

#### IN BORNEO.

HAVING expressed my desire to see the interior of the country, his highness the Rajah of Sarawak placed his armed yacht, the Sri-Ranee, at my service, to convey me to the different towns on the coast, and up the many rivers where the Sea-Dyak still holds his own. She had splendid accommodation, and every comfort and luxury that I could have had upon an English yacht. Her cabins were forward, which spared us all the disagreeable smell of the engine and castor-oil, a great blessing in a morning.

We soon left the picturesque Sarawak and the rajah's palace in the distance, and presently turned into another river, which took its course more directly to the sea. It was less picturesque than the Santabang branch, lacking that most magnificent of sentinels; yet the distant cobalt-colored chain of hills was visible, and waving oceans of green trees lined the river. The glowing tints of sunset showed forth a landscape any thing but monotonous. When we reached the sea it was so calm that we scarcely noticed the difference from the smoothness of the river.

We traversed the coast for some miles before we entered the mouth of the Rajang. On the banks of this river are found the houses of the various tribes of Dyaks, whose different names and characteristics were at

first very puzzling; but I soon learned to notice special signs and tokens, even expressions and sounds of the various languages. I remarked that a few scattered sheds indicated a Malay village; a shed, one hundred feet long, elevated on poles, a Dyak settlement; and something which resembled decayed hen-coops, a Kanout encampment.

The same with the female form divine. When enveloped in a long table-cloth, tied underneath the arms, she would be a Malay; whereas, the said table-cloth tied round the waist, and reaching only to the knees (the upper part of the body adorned merely with rings and beads), would indicate a Dyak woman; and if the cloth dwindled to very scanty dimensions, then she would be a Keyan.

At noon we decried the white walls of the fort of Sibou, a sort of block-house sixty miles from the sea, surrounded by a fine green lawn and a laudable attempt at a garden. From the windows peered suspicious-looking occupants in the shape of great guns, and the projecting roof, instead of forming a veranda or balcony (the usual way in Eastern countries), had a strong trellis-work closing it in up to the wall, admitting light and air, but neither ingress nor egress to the inhabitants, and constructed of the iron-wood of the country.

The commander of the fort received us with great kindness. Indeed, like the officers of the French posts in Cochin-China, he declared it was a treat to see an English face. He conducted us into his fort, which was a formidable-looking place—the walls trimmed with fire-arms, and the windows or window-places garnished in the aforesaid manner; the whole enhanced by the fierce soldiery—Sepoys, Malays, and Dyaks—in their wild and barbarous-looking costumes.

From the ground-floor we ascended a steep staircase or ladder, which could be closed with a trap-door, so that, if the enemy effected an entry through surprise, the invader could still be set at defiance by closing the stairway into the main building, which could then only be entered by ladders, and cutting down the trellis-work of the roof.

The commander gave me an account of an attack which had been made upon the fort about two years ago. The enemy (the Dyaks) had assembled a little before dawn, lying secreted in order to force the door directly it was opened, kill the sentinel, and rush in; in which event ten minutes would have sufficed to see every European head laid low. They have a knack of severing the head from the body at one blow of the kris.

The *ruse* having failed, the invaders were shot down through the lattice-work by small-arms, the commander not thinking it worth while to use the guns, as it is not the rajah's object to destroy his population, but to reduce them to submission and order.

After a tribe has been well conquered, they usually give in their adherence.

The wars and the head-hunting much resemble the old feudal system in Scotland, where a son or kinsman was obliged to revenge his father or the head of the family; and so the fight is perpetuated from generation to generation. Of course the present government do every thing in their power to reconcile the tribes and turn their attention to more peaceful occupations; but the passion is strong in every Dyak, and the only safety-valve is in leading them to fight the battles of the government instead of executing the dictates of their own petty animosities.

We were scarcely seated and taking a cup of tea, before the chiefs of the villages began to arrive, to see the European stranger. They were solemn old men, wearing the *sa-ron*, who, after they had shaken hands (which they were very particular to do),

\* The most noted of Delacroix's paintings are, "Dante and Virgil," "The Massacre of Seio," "Mephistopheles appearing to Faust," "The Prisoner of Chillon," "Women of Algiers," "The Lion-Hunt," "The Death of Sardanapalus," etc. Delacroix died in 1863.

stared at us stolidly, chewing the betel-nut very like a ruminating cow. They invited me to go to their houses, and subsequently I duly returned the state visits.

We left the pleasant compound, and, crossing a very substantial wooden bridge, recently erected over the river by the rajah, arrived in the Malay village—a number of houses or sheds, raised six or eight feet above the ground—and bordering a narrow lane overhung with foliage, soursop, banana, bread-fruit, doorian, and pineapple: whose lovely tints—gray and pink—just before they are ripe, excited my admiration.

Mounting a ladder, we were introduced to the house of the old chief of the Malays. It was considered very handsome for Sibou, and had massive polished flooring of iron-wood; otherwise, it resembled a good barn or granary, so complete was the disorder and dirt. But the great glory of this establishment was a second story, into which it was considered the highest honor to be introduced; so we ascended another ladder to a chamber answering to a hay-loft, but where beautiful mats were instantly spread. The wife and her family appeared and squatted beside me on the floor, folding their feet much more gracefully than I was able to do; and the hospitality of the betel-nut and cigarettes was offered. These rooms were without any window-places, and deprived of light, save what came in from the door below, and a large aperture at the end. Circulation of air had not been thought necessary, and the atmosphere was that of a stewpan on a slow fire.

These Malays were Mohammedans, but did not wear the *yammack*, or refuse to see strange men (the Turkish woman never allows herself to be seen by a strange man), conversing very freely with the English officer, one of the rajah's governors, or residents, as they are termed here.

The Malay, who is a Mohammedan, can by his religion have several wives; but, unless he becomes very rich, does not indulge in this luxury; whereas the Dyak regards it as a shocking crime, equal to murder and theft. In both tribes the woman exercises great influence over her husband and her tribe, and by no means occupies the part of a slave, or is in complete subjection to the will of her husband. The men of both nationalities occupy themselves in fishing, hunting deer and the wild-pig (a sort of boar); but the principal food is rice, fruit, and vegetables. There I first tasted fern as a salad. It was excellent; it is also very good boiled as greens.

The young children were exceedingly pretty, but seemed soon to lose their beauty. The women were very small, like most Asiatics, very few being over five feet, and the young women excessively slender.

About fifteen miles farther up the river the country changed completely; the palm disappearing altogether, replaced by forest-trees, wooded hillocks, and green knolls, delightful to behold; the long houses, or villages under one roof, became more frequent; for we were in the country of the deadly Dyaks. We slackened speed, and were boarded by several boat-loads of them. I must confess to a thrill of half excitement, half fear, as they leaped on board of us, lithe, graceful, swift, like gutta-percha Apollos. Partly from the sensation which beauty always excites in me, whether it be in man, or flower, or tree, partly from the recollection of the terrible stories I had read and been told of their ferocity when in combat, I certainly regarded them with half-bated breath, which soon merged into intense curiosity to realize and comprehend this novel and interesting phase of humanity. They were not very tall men, though most of them were in the flower of youth; but their forms were beautiful in physical symmetry and roundness, such fig-

ures as are sometimes, but not often, seen in male dancers. They had the easy carriage of athletes, and the quick movements of the fawn; in no pose could they ever look awkward or stiff. Their comely limbs were always in the lines of grace, and their color was very fine, neither olive, nor red, nor yellow, but something of a reddish bronze, a very indescribable color, but most satisfactory to the eye. The hair was cut straight across the forehead, which was, or appeared, broad from the effect of this coiffure. The features, of handsome regularity, were neither coarse nor mean, and the general expression was dignified, self-reliant, and open. The great defect of the face was the lack of eyelashes and eyebrows, which they destroy, thereby leaving the countenance hard and crude; perhaps with these beautiful adjuncts their eyes might be soft and gentle.

The Dyaks live in large communities of two to three hundred under the same roof, which consists of one long room, two or three hundred feet long. We cast anchor before one of these singular settlements, and went to pay a visit, in order to behold the interior or human furnishing of heads. A succession of felled trees, called *batongs*, brought us over the water from the boat, and up a rising ground, dense with verdure, to the foot of the building, which stood on poles about twenty feet from the ground. The ascent to this was merely a tree, with notches cut in it, up which the Dyaks skipped like monkeys, but which I with stiff boots found it no easy matter to ascend. The flooring was like my old friend the King Norodin's *sampan*—pieces of rattan tied together with withes, only that to slip through twenty feet would have been something worse than getting submerged into the bilge-water.

The ladies of the house took me in charge at once, and conducted me to their private boudoirs, for each family seemed to have a small nook of their own, the large drawing-room being in common; and each lady was desirous I should admire all her treasures of betel-nut, flowers, and cooked human heads. I had provided myself with strong smelling-salts, and went into the matter bravely.

To give the inventory of these closets would puzzle an auctioneer; but the greatest features and treasures were large jars of earthen-ware, of that peculiarly graceful shape common to all Eastern countries. The jars are estimated at a fabulous value, as for instance from a hundred to a thousand dollars each, and a family is reckoned wealthy according to the number of jars they possess. They are used for no special purpose, but are of a peculiar manufacture, which has become obsolete. I should think Staffordshire could drive a flourishing trade and overrun the market in a short time. Taxes are levied on these jars; and when the different tribes are on the "war-path," they seek to carry them off one from the other.

Heads and jars are the great wealth and splendor of a Dyak house. But it must not be imagined that the heads are put into the jars and potted down, as would seem the natural use for them; the heads are tied in bunches together with a sort of basket-work, in which they have been smoked until they resemble cinders more than human heads. Sometimes the hair was still upon the skull, and the teeth in the jaws.

The Dyak idea in this curious practice is not only that he has done for his enemy in this life (than which there is nothing more true), but that in the future the said headless enemy will be subject to his conqueror, which is apocryphal. The ambition to rule in this world and the next is comprehensible though curious. I felt more comfortable when my hostess stretched a strong mat for me to sit upon; but when all these brass-ring-armored ladies crowded upon the square mat, I felt a

little uneasy lest we should all go through together into that strange-looking Hades below, and so become one of the ancestral monuments of the dwelling.

We were asked to partake of refreshments placed on a mat in an enormous bowl, made of bark of trees, stained red, and elegantly embroidered in shells. They consisted of rice, fish (dry and fresh), fruits and cooked ferns, cocoa-nut milk, and various delicacies, whose flavor was somewhat deteriorated by the garnishing of heads round the *salle à manger*.—*Countess Yelverton's "Travels round the World."*

#### A FEW OLD WORDS.

It is not absolutely certain that modern lexicographers have gained any thing, either in exactness or force of expression—if, indeed, the terms be not synonymous—even if they have in elegance, by substituting new words for certain of those used by the early writers. Some, marked as obsolete, still have a place in dictionaries, while others have disappeared. Words which former compilers had in their regular list, as in current usage, and which helped wonderfully to the understanding of the old poets and dramatists, have been dropped out, one after another, till the vocabulary has been pretty well winnowed; but it is by no means to be taken for granted that some kernels of grain may not have slipped away with the chaff. In this gradual expunging, the language has indeed been shorn somewhat of its strength; inasmuch as certain ancient words conveyed the meaning with simple directness and virile power, which the modern substitutes, with all their rounded smoothness, fall short of.

Then, again, words have been thrown out, which, in point of construction—to say the least—would seem to have as legitimate a right to a place as some which have been retained. What law has been brought to bear upon them, in consigning them to oblivion, it would be hard to determine; for is not such a word as *healthsome* in every respect in as good standing as whole-some? And has not *case-ly* as good a right in the language as gently?

How constantly Spenser and Shakespeare brought into their service this and a kindred class of words! and in their hands, how much they were made to say! *Dream-ful*; *guard-ful*, for one all on the alert, most wary and vigilant; *white-ly*, for a whiteness which yet was not white, but approaching it; *foody*, most suggestive of things palatable; *whit-ly*, in a silence almost under one's breath, in absolute, listening stillness, in perfect hush; and *grudge-ful*, to describe one who was envious, possessed by a craving for that which belonged to another, and restless to seize upon it:

"And rail at them with grudgeful discontent," says Spenser.

Observe how frugal, in the use of epithets, were Shakespeare and the best of his contemporaries and foregoers—to borrow a word from that age—and how extensively compounds were made to serve them, in cases where some modern writers could employ a string of adjectives! Nothing could be more to the purpose than *bar-ful*, which he puts into the mouth of Viola:

"I'll do my best  
To woo your lady: yet a barful strife."

What the hinderances, forever shutting out the possibility, no one better knew than the speaker herself.

Again:

"A maid . . . run from her *guard-age*,"

which was a compact way of expressing the fact of wardship, or the state of one under protection that was likewise restraint. What could take the place of *end-all*? And can one



word, or many, be made to say more than grief-shot—pierced, almost slain, hit with sharp swiftness—shot? What could so well express the softening of heart, the yielding after anger, as *relentment*? And could any other word so suggest the hopeless, helpless condition of one given over to darkness and heaviness of heart as *drerement*?

*Gripple* is certainly a stronger word than grasping; it has, in effect, almost the relation of a superlative to it; derived, as it is, from the Saxon *gripe*, meaning "a covetous, tenacious, oppressive usurer;" consequently, a gripple man was one who not only seized, but held tight, in a clutching way, what he had snatched. A man wholly without plans or care for results was *fool-happy*; and he who was both blind to danger and reckless of it, was *fool-bold*. To be prosperous was to be *well-some*; eyes ready to run over, and cheeks stained with weeping, were *teary*. To deceive was to *bear*—not wholly to blind, but to obscure, to cheat the mind, as a film blurs the sight. One who was cast down and forsaken, unfriended, alone, was a *forlorn*. And, by a very palpable appropriateness, a portrait was a *counterfeit*; thus—

"Look here upon this picture and on this,  
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers."

And again, when Bassanio, opening the leaden casket, cries:

"What find I here?  
Fair Portia's counterfeit."

The greatest of dramatists set his stamp upon *belongings*, which, obsolete or not, the language cannot do without any more than it can without *landings*; or *coil*, which seems to make of tumult and bustle "confusion worse confounded;" or *bale*, which best represents the utter blackness of evil and misery combined; or *lag*, which in one short word sets forth the rabble, hanging on the outskirts of an army, or hovering in the rear of a crowd, the *lag*, the *lag*, falling behind their betters:

"The common lag of people."

To describe Ariel, nimble, dainty, full of art, mischievous without malice, pretty, elfish, quaint, spirit of fire and air, he gave us *trick-ty*; one who went with eager speed, as for life, went *vivily*; one pressed hard by foes and in straitened plight, was *bedsted*; and the flash, the swiftness of a thought or feeling, was in a *twink*:

"In a twink she won me to her love."

One class of words, of frequent use by Shakespeare, are curious instances of the change which time has brought about in their meaning; as *intention* instead of *attention*; *approved*, for *allowed*; *indifferent*, for *impartial*; *allowance*, in the sense of approbation; and *affront*, which signified meeting face to face; as where the king says:

"We have closely sent for Hamlet hither;  
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here  
Affront Ophelia."

In the simple directness of ancient usage, an executioner was called the *death's-man*; a lunatic was a *moon-ling*; an arbitrator, who fixed on the time, was a *dayes-man*; an effeminate man was *womanish*, a timid one *fearful*; and, to describe one like the Prodigal Son, the name of *scatter-ling* would have been given, as best expressive of his riotous living; and, for his midnight revelings, *candle-seater*.

One of the old-time English words, which the modern substitute can hardly be said to have improved upon, was *dearling* or *dereling*. It occurs in the burden of a song of date so long ago as the days of the Normans; when the yoke of the conqueror began to be grievous, and the hearts of the people turned toward him whom they fondly sung, as

"Edgar Etheling,  
England's dereling."

It was the tender diminutive bestowed by Henry VIII. upon Anne Boleyn.—A. B. HARRIS.

### PROSPER MÉRIMÉE.

NATURE endowed Prosper Mérimée with an artistic sense as lavishly as she gives to great saints the note of sanctity. He had a marvelous perception of beauty, alike in literature and art. His instincts told him with unerring certainty what forms of beauty were lasting and what were the mere fashion of the hour. In grace of form he found an abiding divinity. He lived, moved, and had his being in art. He was perhaps the most consummate specimen of the purely artistic nature that our time has seen. He was as much a Positivist in art as M. Littré is a Positivist in science. M. Littré says that it is a waste of time to study metaphysics or theology, because the propositions of each admit of no certainty, and they generate disputes which are a mere beating of the empty air. Mérimée entirely agreed with him. But the one finds rest in the precise and positive demonstrations of science, while the other saw firm ground only in the less precise, yet not less positive emotions which spring from beauty. Mérimée shaped his life by the principle that art is the one possession of mankind which does not change, but is the same from age to age. Religions, he said, grow up and die; philosophies are as fleeting as theological creeds; and even science is constantly shifting its ground. But the grand lines of beauty are the same in Western Europe and amid the hurry of modern life as they were more than two thousand years ago, when the Greeks gave themselves up to the fascination of art. The beauty which was chiseled by Phidias, and woven into verse by Sophocles, is as fresh to-day as it was when it first moved the admiration of Athens, and it may be as fresh a thousand years hence as it is to-day. And equally lasting are the emotions awakened by grace of plastic form or of written line. Hence the cultivated taste has no dread that it may some day find all its beliefs to have been delusions, or the solace of its life to have been a saintly lie. The revelations of Praxiteles and Raphael, of Homer and Dante, are at the mercy of no Strauss or Renan, and they need no evidences of their divine origin, but are the witnesses of their own authenticity. The Greeks saw that fact more clearly than any other people, and hence their influence on mankind will outlive that of any other race. They came nearer than any other nation to the discovery of the secret how to live an harmonious life, free from illusions, free from disturbing cares, free from petty distractions, and full of joy.

Such was the creed of Mérimée, and by the light of that creed he shaped his existence. He was a Greek born out of due time. He had so cleared his mind from all the creeds and all the systems of modern Europe, that he seemed to be like a stranger in a strange land, and he had so cultivated alike his skeptical instincts and his sense of beauty, that he would have felt at home in Athens while Socrates was teaching the youth with his scoffing wisdom, while Aristophanes was satirizing their follies, and while forgotten architects were rearing monuments of beauty for all time. Mérimée was an æsthetic sybarite. In him the instinct of beauty took the place which the moral sense holds in other men. The instincts of an austere morality sat lightly on him, and, although he was too much of a Greek to lead a life of riot, his amours displayed a practical scorn for the religious and social definitions of vice. It never occurred to him that Phryne was immoral. He saw only that she was beautiful.

In our own country the same kind of creed is timidly and obliquely preached, in vague hints rather than direct precepts, by a little artistic sect, which would be pagan if it could; but the gospel of an æsthetic epicureanism does not harmonize with our chilly

skies or our practical nature, and the weak little experiment in a false creed escapes anathema because it excites contempt. Mérimée, however, was a real pagan, and he did more than any other writer to make his intellectual countrymen pagans too. Just as Louis Veuillot, whom we recently described, represents the full-blown fanaticism of France, so does Mérimée represent her full-blown paganism; and we frankly admit that, although we think Louis Veuillot's creed a most mischievous delusion, we hold it to be a thousand times more hopeful than the creed of Mérimée. A ferocious Ultramontanist, howling for the persecution of heretics, is not a beautiful sight, especially in the country of Pascal and Racine; but it is at least in earnest. Ultramontanist does believe in something else than pleasure; it does tell men that they are something more than a bundle of instincts and appetites; and it does not allow them to fancy that the world is only an amusing curiosity-shop, that life is a joke, that it befits rational men to saunter to the grave with their hands in their pockets, whistling an air from an opera, and observing that a face is pretty or a cloud is beautiful. Better, a thousand times better, that fanaticism should once more light the fires of persecution, and that art should perish, than that such a paganism should smite the moral sense with decay.—*London Spectator*.

### MORALS OF THE PYRENEANS.

WE have found that these good mountaineers have ever loved gain and booty. It is so natural to wish to live, and live well, too! Above all, is it pleasant to live at the expense of others! Time was when, in Scotland, every shipwrecked vessel belonged to the coast-side people; the wrecked ships came to them like herrings in the season, an hereditary and legitimate harvest—they felt robbed if one of the crew attempted to keep his coat. It is so here with strangers. The rear-guard of Charlemagne, under Roland, perished here; the mountaineers rolled down upon it an avalanche of stone; then they divided the stuffs—the silver, mules, and baggage—and each one betook himself to his den. In a like manner they treated a second army sent by Louis le Débonnaire. I fancy they regarded these passages as a blessing from Heaven—a special gift from Divine Providence. Fine cuirasses, new lances, necklaces, well-lined coats—it was a perfect magazine of gold, iron, and wool. Very likely the wives ran to meet them, blessing the good husband who had been the most thoughtful of the welfare of his little family, and brought back the greatest quantity of provisions. This artlessness in respect to theft still exists in Calabria. In Napoleon's time, a prefect was scolding a well-to-do peasant who was behindhand with his contributions; the peasant replied, with all the openness of an upright man: "Faith, your excellency, it's not my fault. For fifteen days now have I taken my carbine every evening, and have posted myself along the highway to see if no one would pass. Never a man goes by; but I give you my word, I'll go back there until I have scraped together the ducats I owe you."

Add to this custom of thieving an extreme bravery! I believe the country is the cause of one as well as the other—extreme poverty removes timidity as well as scruples. They are leeches on the body of others, but, then, they are equally prodigal of their own—they can resist as well as take an advantage. If they willingly take another's goods, they guard their own yet more willingly. Liberty has thriven here from the earliest times—crabbed and savage, home-born and tough, like a stem of their own boxwood.—*Taine's "Pyreneans."*

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

WHAT will the historical antiquaries find to puzzle about next? Not content with those enigmas of the past which, if definitely solved, would shed a useful light upon events, and add to the world's stock of substantial knowledge, the curiosity-seekers are forever following up some will-o'-the-wisp which, even if by a miracle it should be caught in durance, could little enhance the value of the lore of other days. Scholarship, at least, will be the gainer if Dr. Schliemann conclusively proves that he has found the ruins of a veritable Troy; if Dr. Schweinfurth establishes the existence of a nation of African dwarfs; if Speke settles our convictions as to the identity of the mountain he has just discovered with Mount Sinai; and if the characters of Henry VIII. and Lucretia Borgia turn out to be not as black as they have long been painted.

But what substantial good will result from the "judicial" proof as to Junius? And yet Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn, not in the least exhausted by a year of Tichborne enigmas, is deep in the study of the *nomina umbra*, and promises ere long to favor the world with a burly tome, which shall convert the "shadow" into an historic reality. And, though no new interpretation of French history can be expected to result from the solution of the mystery of the "Iron Mask," a tolerably good-sized library has been written by Germans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Italians, on the vexed subject of the silent and disguised prisoner of St.-Marguerite and the Bastille.

Yet there is a fascination almost indefinite, to nearly every one who reads at all, in these historic puzzles. After all, people do not care to be forever looking after *useful* results in their occupation of time; humanity is so frail, that now and then utility becomes a strain even to the most virtuous and energetic. The lover of books needs relaxation, as does the lover of ledgers and hay-making; and these puzzles come up often opportunely to divert, distract, and interest, stimulating a harmless curiosity, and, after all, keeping up the taste for and serious study of historical subjects.

The latest query which has been launched upon the curious reading and reminiscent world is, whether Molière really breakfasted with Louis the Magnificent? Not only French gossipers, but English baronets, have engaged hotly in the *pro* and the *con*. of this mighty problem; and, in the midst of it all, we glean many spicy hints of the times of the witty "Jean Baptiste." Even we republicans may take a cheerful interest in a question of old-time royal etiquette, which, in royal countries, is much more serious than we can well appreciate.

The story that Molière once not only breakfasted with the great king, but that the great

king actually put the wing of a chicken on the "mountebank's" plate, has come down soberly narrated by the chroniclers of the time. But serious gentlemen of the *doctrinaire* type, who consider subjects of etiquette with as much gravity as those of war or finance, have taken upon themselves to doubt the authenticity of so gross a departure on the part of so punctilious a monarch, from the most absolute rules of court propriety. They urge that these rules enjoined that, while at supper, the "Children of France," the princes and princesses of the blood, were permitted to break bread with the sovereign, that august personage should always, without exception, breakfast in solitary grandeur. If, then, even Monsieur the Dauphin could not sit at breakfast with the king, is it likely that an humble actor was accorded this more than royal privilege?

An actor, it must not be forgotten, was a "vagabond" in both the French and English law. The sting of the use of the epithet by Junius, in his famous brief letter to Garrick, lay in this legal humiliation. It is upon the fact that an actor was a "vagabond," and that the writer of plays was scarcely less so, that those ingenious persons who try to make us believe that Bacon wrote the Shakespeare plays, base one of their arguments. The theory is that Bacon, a man of high family, but impecunious, was ashamed to be known as the author of plays and as a "vagabond," and so induced Shakespeare to adopt them, Bacon being himself impelled to write them for pecuniary profit.

How could it be, then, that a "vagabond," not only sat at table with Louis the Great, but received that chicken-wing from the king's own august fork?

The evidence adduced to prove the momentous fact tends to establish it, despite Louis's punctiliousness and Jean Baptiste's vagabondage. Molière was, it appears, a royal valet, as his father had been a court servitor before him; among his duties was to arrange the royal sheets to receive the royal form. He took his meals with the "gentlemen of the bedchamber;" but, as he was a great favorite of the king's, these gentlemen treated him with much jealous contumely and ill-temper. This Louis was not slow to perceive; and one morning, according to one of the English disputants, Louis said to him: "Molière, they say you have but meagre cheer at the table of the household. Come, I am hungry; let us breakfast together. Here is my *en-cas de nuit*." The "*en-cas de nuit*" was a cold collation, which was always placed at Louis's bedside overnight, that monarch being a "prodigious eater," and often waking in the small hours, tortured with a rapacious appetite. And so king and vagabond fell to, and the former, with infinite grace, tendered his guest of the moment a succulent chicken-wing. Such is the story, which is sustained by the critical authority

of Sainte-Beuve. The meal was an informal one, yet the fact remains that the witty stage-player breakfasted with the magnificent monarch.

In England, it appears, there has always been less punctiliousness between monarchs and "mountebanks;" for Betterton often dined with merry Charles; the Kembles were favored guests of "Farmer George" and Queen Charlotte; and, in our own day, Macready and others have been received at the palace on not unfamiliar terms.

While it is admitted that women hereafter are to enjoy a broader and more comprehensive educational training than hitherto, it is urged in many quarters that this training should be conducted with intelligent consideration for the health and physical development of the pupils. In our plans for this higher education, having the sanitarian question fully in view, have we all fully comprehended the significance of the Agassiz Scientific School at Penikese?

It would seem as if here exists the germ of a future method of education, destined to give pupils the best practical training in the sciences, under conditions peculiarly favorable for health. Of course this presupposes a large modification of the curriculum, giving science and Nature a more important place than they have hitherto enjoyed in educational schemes. But all who watch the signs of the time must see that this modification is sure to be made.

It is generally acknowledged that change in the direction of mental activity is as recuperative as absolute rest. It is not quite possible for the mind to have complete repose, although some natures have the capacity for enjoying, during periods of vacation, a sluggish mental haze—a dreamy semi-torpor that may possibly have a recuperative function; but usually the hard-pressed student gains his summer rest simply by entering fresh fields of occupation and thought. It would therefore be entirely practicable for students to give nearly the entire year to study, provided the course involved some few radical changes. At present there are some nine months in the year spent in the school-room or the college, and three in an idle or dissipated vacation. If the present school course were reduced to one-half its present term, and the rest of the year given to open-air studies similar to those pursued at Penikese, certain great advantages would arise therefrom.

Let us imagine sea-side academies like the Penikese example multiplied all along our shores, affording opportunity for the study of not only the life that abounds in the waves and on the shores, but of the rocks and all other natural phenomena of the region. Let us also imagine similar academies on our mountain-sides, where groups of busy and enthusiastic pupils pursue the study of plants in the wild recesses of the forests, or of the

rocks in the ribbed sides of the cliffs, or of the habits of birds and animals in their native haunts, or of the heavens as they spread out their vast spaces above the lofty mountain-heights, or of color in trees and rocks and sky, or of form in the arches and vistas of the woods—who, in brief, give their days to the practical mastery of the laws of Nature by immediate and personal contact with them.

Academies of this character, where the studies would be pursued, for the most part, in the open air, in which knowledge would not be obtained at second hand from books, but at first hand from Nature, would prove of incalculable advantage. They would train the faculties, enlarge the intellect, develop the frame, and fill the whole being with high enthusiasms. They would afford more delightful and even restful summer vacations than Saratoga or Newport, and yet give instruction in things better worth knowing than a majority of the things taught in the colleges.

Under a disposition of time by which the study of books should be limited to the inclement months, and the study of *things* to the seasons that admit of out-of-door pursuits, we should have combined in due proportion all the branches of knowledge that are considered necessary, and, at the same time, give an admirable training of the faculties—a sort of training that leads one to use his powers of comparison and analysis, and which effectually opens one's eyes and ears. We began by referring specially to the education of women, but there need be no distinction of sex in the methods we have suggested. If, indeed, coeducation in the summer academies would not be highly desirable. The main purpose in view would be to render education in some things a little more than the mere memorizing of facts, something better than the cramming of undigested tables and formulas; to give it true breadth and depth, to vitalize it with original observation and discovery—to do all this under conditions calculated to expand the body as well as the mind, making both robust, liberal, honest, and accordant instruments. The young girls and boys that would return in the autumn from these academies would come to us with the flush of color in the cheek, and of enthusiasm in the heart; would come to us inspired with new attachments, with sympathies stimulated and faculties awakened, filled with an afflatus as divine as that of the poets—the passion and the love of Nature in all her mystery and beauty.

—It being accepted by nearly the entire religious press, and by very many of the secular press, that recent proceedings for the suppression of the liquor-traffic are not only proper but admirable, we trust there will be no hesitation in extending the same efficacious means to other obnoxious things. There are the theatres, for instance. The evil influence of the drama is continually

denounced and deplored by a certain portion of the community; there is, indeed, scarcely an institution to be named that, according to some authorities, is so pernicious to society. The evil, moreover, is increasing. Never before in the history of our country has the theatre-going class included so large a proportion of the people, or have theatres multiplied so rapidly. The ladies who have discovered how to apply a "higher law" to the liquor-saloons, should now consistently see what "intimidation by prayer" can do with the play-house. Let well-organized bands in every city take possession of each establishment on a given night, and, by the now well-known process, awaken the actors to the evil of their ways.

When this is accomplished, let the balls and dancing-assemblies be next taken in hand. It is not necessary for us to stop and recapitulate the evils of dancing. Innumerable tracts and sermons have pointed out its iniquity. That our young men and women should be rescued from the seduction of this soul-destroying amusement, no means should be spared and no hesitancy exhibited. The reformers need feel no reluctance at entering private houses, and arresting the German or the Lanciers in the midst of their sinful mazes; it is the example of fortune and wealth that sanctions the evil, and hence the reform should begin with the most conspicuous sinners.

When the earnest and devoted disciples have succeeded in establishing the supremacy of their opinions in this direction, a third momentous evil will need their attention. This is novel-reading. Here, as before, we need not pause to point out the nature of the vice to be combated. For generations the pulpit has been denouncing the novel, and a vast number of people concede its pernicious influences. It is true that, like wine-drinking, a moderate indulgence within itself does people no harm; but it is moderate indulgence that soon creates an unwholesome and insatiate appetite, and the whole intellect eventually becomes seduced from the paths of honest duty by the fascinations of the vice. As in the case of liquor-drinking, it would be hopeless to assail it by attempting to discipline the public; the evil must be rooted up by a demonstration against the makers and purveyors. The offices and ware-rooms of the publishers must be overrun by the devoted reformers; their printing-presses must be taken possession of by praying women; booths must be erected before the book-stores; the government must be importuned to prohibit the circulation of the magazines and the story-papers in the mails; and, by united purpose, prayer will in this direction exercise its usual power of intimidation.

While all this is going on, other organizations should look after the gambling-places, the billiard-rooms, card-parties, and the race-courses. It will soon be time for the summer

sports of horse-racing and boat-racing. There should appear at Jerome Park, on its first opening, a devoted band of praying women, bent upon exterminating the evils that pertain to the race-course; and the next college regatta should only venture upon its trial of skill amid the outpourings of assembled singing and praying reformers.

When these things have all been accomplished, the male sex will have come fully to understand the resources of this social power invented by our ladies. They will have found its double edge. The primary evil which the men will essay to remedy by prayerful intimidation, will no doubt be Vanity in all its manifestations. The evils of this vice are not imaginary. The homilies written and preached against it are as numerous as the leaves of the forest. But they have been of no avail; and, as the male sex have peculiarly been sufferers by this carnal evil; as the passion for jewels and silks, and all forms of finery, has so often impoverished the husband and rendered home a ruin, it is proper that men should see how far current instruction by the ladies may be bettered in a crusade against the temptations for vain display that beset our women. The *modistes* and milliners, being susceptible ladies, would no doubt soon surrender to bands of praying gentlemen; the jewelers might be more obdurate, but a few cases of trinkets emptied into the streets would bring them to their senses. Nothing should be left undone to accomplish the end in view. Every lady appearing in the streets with jewels in her ears, after the manner of the pagans; with ribbons and fringes and laces and gewgaws hung about her; should be surrounded by the reformers, and, with tears and prayers, besought to forego a delight in unseemly display. How delightful it will be to see, as a result of this reform, our young maidens coming and going in simple and modest apparel, in which their gentle beauty and tender virtues shall shine as jewels of price!

Really, there are so many evils that may be reformed by a persistent application of the tactics invented by the ladies of the West—and of course so admirable a device will in all consistency be extended to evil (and to whatever certain classes may unite in calling such) in all its forms—that it would seem as if, in sober truth, a social millennium is at hand.

—The *Tribune* recently argued that a large field of industry for women is open in the cultivation of flowers. "Near every large city," it said, "there is no surer profit in any kind of business than that of flower-raising." It also goes on to say that "two or three years ago we urged upon women the broad field which awaited them in floriculture or horticulture, from the smallest to the largest scale, and we have reason to believe that, in some instances, our advice was successfully followed. The neglect of all mention of this



means of making a livelihood by the leaders of all kinds of woman reformers is noticeable." In regard to this last statement, the neglect of every thing practicable or rational in reform movements is a permanent feature of these social outcomes. But we refer to the *Tribune's* comments mainly because they recall a series of articles on silk-culture published in this JOURNAL about three years ago, wherein we showed how the cultivation of the Japanese silk-worm might be undertaken by women or children, in town or country, almost without capital, requiring no special training, which could be carried on without interference with other duties or pursuits—opening, in brief, an industry that required for a beginning nothing in the world but a little will and a small matter of gumption. The Japanese silk-worm feeds on the ailanthus; it flourishes out-of-doors in all seasons, requiring only to be protected from birds by nets; these being provided, it takes entire care of itself. And, in addition to pointing out these facts, we stated that mills at Paterson, New Jersey, were ready to purchase the cocoons. There isn't a suburban cottage in the country that couldn't have its silk worm-trees; there is scarcely a town-house that couldn't find a little space for this industry. But, unlike the case of the *Tribune*, we never heard of an instance of any one following our suggestions, and most certainly none of the "female ranters" ever thought it worth a moment of their attention. And under no circumstance will these leaders heed suggestions of the kind. They are in love with woman's grievances, and don't want to see new avenues of employment opened to them. Once all the women in possession of good, healthful, profitable fields of labor, and the occupation of these shriekers would be gone—there would be no further occasion for speech-making, noise, and emotional frenzy. But, while reform leaders are certain to do nothing, there are other women who might do great good in this direction. If a small part of the money lavished in charity were employed in establishing elementary schools in this branch of industry, considerable good could be done—permanent good—whereas the charity-given funds often do permanent injury. The *Tribune* says "it knows of but one attempt on the part of a woman to educate women as horticulturists." Where now is the second woman who will do this thing—where the hundred that will set the good example?

— Among the police-reports of New-York City recently we noticed an instance of a pawnbroker summoned before the city marshal to explain why he refused settlement to a poor woman for an article of clothing lost. This incident, one of thousands of a similar character, we make as a text for inquiring why the business of loaning money on personal effects should be so generally considered disreputable? And, further, why efforts to lift this often necessary and sometimes even charitable function into a more respectable social position have always failed? Some years ago there was an attempt made in this State to organize a bank the office of which should be to loan money on articles of

personal property. But absolutely the prejudice at Albany against the business of the pawnbroker was so powerful, that this effort to give pawnbrokerage a character, to lift it out of its dirty ways, to afford the poor an opportunity to borrow without paying extortionate rates of interest, and without being subjected to adroit swindlers, was sneered at as something absurd, and the project failed—failed even while an institution of the character proposed was in successful operation in Boston. Now, why should not an artisan be permitted to borrow money on his watch as well as a merchant on his bonds? Why is it that the latter may openly negotiate a loan in Wall Street on such securities as he can provide, and do so without loss of caste; and a man who has only a watch or a jewel to pledge, be compelled to deal with those who carry on their transactions in secrecy, and who hide in corners under a social ban? The disreputable and questionable practices connected with pawnbrokerage would disappear in the open functions of a bank; but our wise legislators saw in the evil practices of the money-lender only reasons why money-lending should continue in the hands of the evil practisers—of those who too often plunder the hard-driven poor at pleasure. We see in this another instance how government abuses its power and neglects its duties. Money-lending, left alone, would soon adjust itself to the law of trade; but pawnbrokers are licensed; the licenses fall into the hands of a class, to the exclusion of competitors; an attempt to lift the business to a place of dignity, whereby those in need may borrow at low rates, and openly, as they enact other transactions of trade, is frustrated, because a class of dealers have given a dubious reputation to the business. Was there ever a wiser piece of Bunsbyism? As it is now, the rich may borrow at six or seven per cent., but the poor must pay twenty-four per cent., and run the risk of being robbed of their property—this, too, in a democratic country, in a free country, in a poor man's paradise!

## Literary.

IN Colonel Charles C. Chesney's "Essays in Military Biography" (New York, Henry Holt & Co.), we find the first evidence that Europe is beginning to appreciate the military excellence displayed on both sides in our late war. Most of us, no doubt, have felt indignant at the sneer attributed to Count Moltke, that "the movements of a couple of armed mobs can have no interest for the scientific student of war;" and it will be gratifying to those who have realized what these "armed mobs" really accomplished, to find so eminent a military critic as Colonel Chesney bearing testimony so emphatic as the following: "There is a disposition to regard the American generals, and the troops they led, as altogether inferior to regular soldiers. This prejudice was born out of the blunders and want of coherence exhibited by undisciplined volunteers at the outset—faults amply atoned for by the stubborn courage displayed on both sides throughout the rest of the struggle; while, if a man's claims to be regarded as a veteran are to be measured by the amount of actual fighting he has gone through, the most seasoned soldiers

of Europe are but as conscripts compared with the survivors of that conflict. The conditions of war on a grand scale were illustrated to the full as much in the contest in America, as in those more recently waged on the Continent. In all that relates to the art of feeding and supplying an army in the field, the Americans displayed quite as much ability as any Continental power; while if the organization and discipline of their improvised troops were inferior, the actual fighting was in fact more stubborn, for no European forces have experienced the amount of resistance in combat which North and South opposed to each other. Neither was the frequently indecisive result of the great battles fought in America any proof that they formed exceptions to the ordinary rules of military science. These actions were so inconclusive, first, from deficiency in cavalry; and, next, because the beaten side would not break up. The American soldiery, in thus refusing to yield to panic when losing the day, retiring in good order, and keeping a good front to the victorious enemy, displayed, let us venture to believe, an inherited quality. In order to pursue, there must be some one to run away, and, to the credit of the Americans, the ordinary conditions of European warfare in this respect were usually absent from the great battles fought across the Atlantic."

The first essay in the volume is an elaborate one on "The Military Life of General Grant;" and it is truly refreshing to forget for a time the President and politician of later days, and turn to the really glorious portions of a great and impressive career. The essay covers General Grant's entire military record, analyzing in detail the great campaigns in the West, and that final one in Virginia, which preceded the downfall of the Confederacy; and is, beyond question, the ablest and fairest estimate of those campaigns that has yet been made. It was written evidently when Grant had just laid aside his sword to enter upon his presidential functions; and it expresses, in cordial terms, the hopes which were entertained then, by thoughtful men throughout the world—hopes that were destined to the keenest disappointment, and for the miscarriage of which Colonel Chesney expresses a sorrowful regret in the essay on General Lee which follows. This essay is less a military study than a personal memoir, and, while sketching the outline of his famous campaigns, dwells more particularly on the grandeur and nobility, and moral beauty of his personal character. As a military chieftain Colonel Chesney, of course, assigns Lee a rank above all others who attained fame in the war; and he predicts that, notwithstanding the "wondrous future" that lies before America, "in her annals of years to come, as in those of the past, there will be found few names that can rival in unsullied lustre that of the heroic defender of his native Virginia, Robert Edward Lee." Of the other essays in the volume, the most notable are those on "Admirals Farragut and Porter, and the Navy of the Union;" "A Northern Raider in the Civil War;" "De Fenzac's Recollections of the Grand Army;" "Henry von Brandt, a German Soldier of the First Empire;" "A South Carolina Loyalist in the Revolutionary War;" and "Chinese Gordon and the Taiping Rebellion." The latter gives the first adequate account of the marvelous achievements of the commander of "The Ever-Victorious Army," who, if he did not save the Chinese Empire from complete dismemberment, certainly spared it many years of the most inhuman and devastating of civil wars. All the essays are characterized by the most generous and hearty appreciation of mer-

it wherever or by whomsoever it is displayed; and they really succeed in rendering the complex movements of a campaign intelligible to the general reader. Their style, too, is a model for all writers on similar topics; nothing could exceed the forcibleness of their descriptive portions, and at the same time nothing could be farther away from the hysterical whoops and lurid prodigality of adjectives which characterize the "battle-pieces" of some of our historians.

Mr. Frank Vincent's "Land of the White Elephant" (New York, Harper & Brothers) is a model book of travel; brief, clearly written, vigorous in its descriptions, intelligent in its observations, and depicting just enough of the salient characteristics of the different countries traversed by the author to give us a definite impression of them and of their inhabitants. No attempt is made to present himself in the light of a hero of romance and adventure, penetrating like a new Marco Polo into untrodden fastnesses of Nature, and beset at every step by savage and hostile foes; Mr. Vincent has the common-sense to recognize, what readers very soon find out for themselves, that the conditions of travel nowadays, even in Farther India, are pretty much the same as in Texas or Western New York. Nor does he endeavor to expand his book and "instruct" the reader by a restatement of such hasty-pudding knowledge as for his own benefit the traveller usually picks out of encyclopædias, guide-books, and the narratives of his predecessors. What he sees and what he knows, he puts down in a plain, straightforward, and business-like manner; and then proceeds to the next point. When the exigencies of the narrative demand information or illustration beyond what he has himself observed, he simply quotes from the works of some authoritative writer like Sir John Bowring, or M. Mouhot. The countries visited by Mr. Vincent are Burmah, Siam, Cambodia, and Cochinchina; and though most of the ground traversed is tolerably familiar to modern readers, the narrative never lacks freshness. Bangkok, Singapore, Mandelay, Malacca, etc., were never better described; and some valuable additions are made to our knowledge of Cambodia and Cochinchina. An excellent map and several plates accompany the work, and the illustrations are both numerous and fine. These illustrations, indeed, would of themselves give a very fair idea of the peoples, scenery, and architecture of the East.

For a really good novel, readable, entertaining, bristling all over with "morals," and illustrating in a striking way the advantages—even from the worldly point of view—of a pious disposition, we have seen nothing, recently, better than "Gold and Dross," by Edward Garrett (New York, Dodd & Mead). It is not nearly so interesting or so well done as the same author's first work, "Occupations of a Retired Life;" but it can be read and enjoyed (in a mild sort of way) by readers of intelligence; and it demonstrates, for one thing, that a "novel with a purpose" need not of necessity be stupid and crude. As might be conjectured from the title, the story illustrates persistently, if not forcibly, the proverb that "all is not gold that glitters," and that the way to happiness lies in penetrating below the surface of character, and knowing when solid ground is reached. One could wish, indeed, that a love of music and "the beautiful," and a distaste for household drudgery, did not point to so melancholy an end as that of Sybil; and that the virtuous,

and sensible, and hard-working Hetty had met with a better reward. But, all the same, the reader finds his sympathy moving in the right direction throughout the story, and he must be very perverse if his heart is not "right" at the end.

"No Intentions" is the novel by which Florence Marryat signalized her accession to the editorship of *London Society*, and it attracted considerable attention while appearing serially in the pages of that periodical. It opens somewhat coarsely, giving indications of a novel based on low intrigues; but this element soon disappears, and proves in the end, indeed, to have been unnecessary to the story. Its plot is rather ingenious, and one calculated to hold the attention of the reader; the style is more vivacious than ordinary; some skill is shown in character-sketching; there are the customary complexities in the course of the narrative, and it possesses that quality which is most relished by the majority of novel-readers, of being interesting from beginning to end. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)

"Potter's Complete Biblical Encyclopædia," edited by Rev. William Blackwood, D.D., LL.D., is an elaborate work which Messrs. John E. Potter & Co., of Philadelphia, are publishing in semi-monthly parts. It is very comprehensive; covering the whole field of Biblical history, geography, and chronology, giving a full lexicon of all the proper names in the Old and New Testaments, and sketching the lives of nearly all the men prominent in the religious movements of later times, besides containing much other information which will prove valuable to students of biblical, ecclesiastical, or historical literature. The "Encyclopædia" is beautifully printed and copiously illustrated—some of the pictures being very striking, and nearly all of them good; and we should say that it will prove, when completed, a really useful addition to the family library.

Of Victor Hugo's "Ninety-Three," the *New-York Times* says: "The story is peculiar among modern works of fiction. It is a novel without a hero, without a heroine; without love of man for woman, or of woman for man; without marriage, or a substitute for it, at beginning, middle, or end; with no minute analysis of character, or—except, perhaps, in one chapter—of society; and without any very manifest social, moral, or political purpose. It is in narrative form—a tragic episode in the great French Revolution. And yet, too, it is hardly more narrative than dramatic, or rather melodramatic, in its spirit, and its style, and its very phraseology. No small part of it could be taken out bodily and spouted on the boards of the Bowery Theatre amid blue fire and terrific combats, to the intense delight of all the juvenile 'assistance.' And yet it is full of interest. The personages, notwithstanding their swaggering, self-conscious way, are real creatures of flesh and blood, and in word and act are terribly in earnest. But in body, and soul, and manner, and words, they are French, and remind us constantly of the distinction between French nature and human nature."

The *Academy* opens a department of "recent novels" with the following philosophical observations: "It is a fact well known to every observer of human nature, that there are at the present moment large numbers of estimable persons, both male and female, who never willingly and of their own motion open any book except a novel. To these persons a due and regular supply of fictitious matter is an absolute necessity, artificial it may be, but still a necessity. The average consumption of the healthy adult naturally varies, according to

rate of reading, hours of leisure, and so forth; it may perhaps be estimated at from fifteen hundred to two thousand pages per week, or from two to four ordinary novels. And it will be noticed by any one who studies the advertisement sheets of literary journals, that this demand is duly supplied either by the bounty of a gracious Providence, or by the operation of the laws of the dismal science, or both."

At a farewell dinner given to Mommsen by his friends and pupils, in Berlin, on the 25th of last month, the great historian said: "Germany has advanced, but the German professor has fallen back. There was a time when the universities alone kept the small spark of German unity alive. Now, new political powers have come to the front. But the German professor has still the noblest task, viz., to prepare the youth of Germany for their new duties. Our young men must learn that the ideals of humanity are an integral part of all education, and this they can only learn from a study of antiquity. What gives to German science its high position is the moral earnestness with which the German professor devotes himself to his subject, shunning all dilettante work, and deriving from the deep enjoyment in teaching the most powerful impulse to original research."

The London literary correspondent of the *New-York Herald* has a word to say about a recent ballad, "Grandad at the Ingle," by Robert Buchanan, which he thinks is not unworthy of comparison with Hood's "Dream of Eugene Aram." The critic tells us that the ballad is "very dramatic and finely constructed. One sustained idea runs through it—that of the extreme old age of a man all whose associations, experiences, achievements, perils, and crimes, are of the sea. This is perfectly maintained with skill, which hides the art of it, and completeness most thoroughly; every simile, every suggestion, every local feature, is in harmony with it." The readers of the *JOURNAL* will recollect that this ballad was reprinted in our "Miscellany" several weeks ago.

"The Fall of Prince Florestan of Monaco" is the title of a political squib, much talked of in London during the past few weeks. The *Saturday Review* says of it: "On the whole, this satire appears to be wanting equally in philosophical depth and genuine humor. At the best, it is a very moderate effort of undergraduate pleasantries, and nothing can be more ridiculous than the praises which have been lavished on it. The capacity of criticism in certain quarters may be measured by the fact of such a production being for a moment supposed to be by Mr. Matthew Arnold."

Mr. Henry M. Stanley, it seems, went out to Ashantee with the English army, and is first in the field with a book about the war. Its title is "Coomassie and Magdala; the Story of Two English Campaigns," and it is already in press in London. "One bottle of ink, one good quill-pen, and one night's time," appear to be all that Mr. Stanley requires for the production of any book on any subject.

If any one wants proof that dunces can be taught to read and write, we commend him to the following extract from a letter to the *Athenæum*: "Permit me to suggest that an edition of Dickens's works should be brought out in classical English. The words used in the author's works are extremely disagreeable to read. I think that the language of the lower orders ought never to appear in print."

The whole of Spielhagen's first letter to the *Athenæum* is devoted to Anton von Werner, the artist who has been selected to paint the great fresco in the Hall of the Triumphant Column in the Königsplatz, Berlin. It is vivacious, but rather sophomoric.

Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co. have in press in London "The China-Collector's Pocket-Companion," by Mrs. Bury Palliser. It is meant to supply the want of a portable guide to marks and monograms, and as such may prove useful to the lovers of the "ceramic art."

## Art.

### The Academy Exhibition.

FOR several years the exhibitions of pictures at the Academy of Design have been diminishing in importance. From one cause and another, many of the best artists have preferred to exhibit their pictures at the clubs, deserting their own Academy chiefly because of personal differences in regard to its management.

So many poor paintings had come to be exhibited, and the receipts from tickets for admission were so reduced, that it was determined this year to try and raise the standard of excellence, both for the credit of the Academy and to increase the diminished resources of the institution. That the interest of the public in the art exhibitions was as great as ever, the success of the Water-Color Exhibition this winter, both in the money receipts from tickets and the sale of paintings, clearly proved, as well as the interest that was felt the last season in the pictures brought out from England by Mr. Blackburn, and added to last year's water-color collection.

Early this last winter many of the leading academicians were visited by the officers of the Academy, and the matter laid before them, and the result of these efforts has been a collection of about five hundred pictures, seven hundred having been sent to the exhibition from which the selection was made, and nearly all the names of the prominent artists are well represented by pictures now seen by the public for the first time. The duties of the hanging committee have been very arduous, for, when the selection was to be made among really fine pictures, it must have been very difficult to decide which were to be hung on the lower and which on the upper line of the gallery-walls. Most of the artists must be tolerably well satisfied with the positions assigned them; but, when we see such beautiful pictures as Mr. La Farge's "Boy and Hound" placed above a door in the corridor; one of Charles H. Miller's most originally treated and best landscapes, and Page's portrait of "Colonel Shaw," on the upper line, we realize that space must indeed have been scarce in proportion to the number of desirable works to be placed. It is a good many years since the public interest in an exhibition has been so aroused as in the present one, and the opening night for the private view brought together a brilliant throng of persons of consideration, filling to their utmost capacity all the rooms of the exhibition. More of the artists were also present than have appeared for many years, showing the interest they took in this revival of the Academy, and in the success of the efforts of Mr. Quincy Ward, the president, and Mr. Whittredge, the vice-president.

It is impossible, in one short notice, to give any (even general) idea of the pictures on the walls of the exhibition-rooms, but, remembering the collections when all the best artists were represented by their most important works, the impression made in regard to the present one is very strong that American art has made a great stride, of late years, in range of thought and variety of treatment. It is a dozen years or more since there has been a really fair representation of our artists, or a collection that could really serve as a test. The best pictures in those days were largely landscapes, and American painters might fairly be called landscape artists; for Huntington, Page, Hicks, and the other figure-painters, were large-

ly in a minority in point of numbers; the influence of Cole was still strongly seen, and his ideas had a tendency to give monotony to the large number of artists, many of whom had hardly learned to stand on their own feet in regard to individuality of conception of Nature.

This monotony of thought has now entirely disappeared, and, looking quickly through the rooms, one might conceive the different pictures to have come from the ends of the earth. In place of one or two leading ideas, as in the old days when Cole's way of looking at Nature, and Baker Gray and Huntington's standard of thought for portraits was predominant, we now see the influence of pre-Raphaelitism, of the German, French, English, and even Oriental thought, which divide up the paintings into distinct classes; besides which, now much more than formerly the distinct taste and feeling of each man are stamped upon his works, and the characteristic American fertility of ideas and invention, so apparent in other conditions of life, crops out here, giving great richness and suggestiveness to the present art of the country, and a promise of even more varieties and yet stronger invention in the future. Looking at this collection of pictures, we were, for the first time, made aware that art-thought in the United States is as alive and as up to the times as thought in mechanical, scientific, and industrial invention, and that the same energy is being developed by the artists as by their other fellow-workers.

We shall wish to speak of the different classes of pictures under separate heads, and to mention in detail Whittredge's lovely landscapes, large and small; Sandford Gifford's two or three Venetian pictures; McEntee's wood-scenes; and Durand's large painting of summer meadows and summer streams. Then, too, the large collection of important interiors; Huntington's great picture of Titian showing his works to Charles V.; Guy's wonderfully-elaborate picture—portrait of the Vanderbilt family, as harmonious in tone as if it were simple in treatment, and one of the most extraordinary works we have ever seen as a *tour de force*; Page's dignified and serene portraits; and the *seres* in John La Farge's "Boy and Hound," full of force and vitality. Mr. La Farge is not, perhaps, the founder of a new school, for he might not have painted as he does had not William Blake and Couture painted before him, but his ideas differ as much from those of Huntington, and even Page, as blue differs from red, and yellow from gray. The multitude of palettes of flowers, too, painted from every stand-point of thought, sentimental or realistic, for color and for form will enchant women for their feeling, and men for their variety of interpretation of Nature.

"As a practical protest," says the London *Examiner*, "against the prejudices of those who hold that women are less capable than men of adhering to any pursuit calling for sustained thought and labor, the Exhibition of the Society of Female Artists may well be welcomed and supported. . . . It is quite true," it adds, "that when we have eliminated all those works which bear on their face the unmistakable marks of feminine hands—and by this we mean those crude, ill-considered efforts, with only the baldest suggestion of art about them—the number of exhibitors deserving notice would sink from two hundred and seventy to, at most, a score or two." In support of this position, it will be remembered that some of the honors of the last New-York Water-Color Exhibition were carried off by women. But, notwithstanding this, we must protest against the assumption that excellence in the branch of art mentioned by this critic is any proof that women are as capable as men in "sustained thought and labor." Mary Somerville, or

George Eliot, or perhaps Rosa Bonheur, may be cited in support of this opinion; not those who have simply exhibited skill in water-color painting.

A portion of a marble column, ornamented in bas-relief with figures of men and horses, has been discovered on the shores of the Sea of Marmora, and is believed to have formed part of the Arcadius Column, which remained standing more than two hundred years after the taking of Constantinople. Another interesting discovery has been made at Cannstadt, where some workmen, engaged in excavating for the foundation of a house, found a Roman altar about four feet in height. It is ornamented on the four sides with tolerably well-preserved figures of Mercury, Hercules, Minerva, and Vesta. We further hear of some Roman art-remains found in Paris on the demolition of a house in the Rue des Marmousets, consisting of large stones with fragments of arms, legs, and *torsoes* sculptured on them, which evidently formed part of the decoration of a large building.

A painting by Mr. Madox Brown, called "Cromwell on his Farm," is attracting the attention of the London critics. Cromwell is painted as a vigorous, homely, country squire, riding about his grazing-farm; he is mounted on a sinewy white horse; his left hand, with a finger inserted between the leaves, holds a worn parchment-bound Bible. He is absorbed in thought. "His head," says a critic, "is a triumph of thoughtful and masterly painting." The expression is intense. The brooding yet not hard-set eyes, the mouth closed and all but clutched, are the emphatic traits. The accessories of the picture are all well painted. "It preserves," we are told, "in a high degree the historical and biographical character; and unites to its other merits the not unimportant one of being really entertaining to look at and follow out."

## Music and the Drama.

TWO new French plays are on our New-York boards, but we are compelled to postpone a criticism of them until next week. One is "Monsieur Alphonse," at Daly's Fifth-Avenue Theatre, of which American readers have already heard much; the other is "Love's Penance," adapted from the French by Mr. Fechter, who appears in the leading part. The second is at the new Park Theatre, a charming drawing-room play-house, just opened, under the management of Mr. Stuart. It is situated in Broadway near Madison Square, in this fact finding, we suppose, an excuse for its name. It is to be regretted that a time-honored theatrical name—one that must always call up many associations and histories—has been put to this new use. To all old theatre-goers, and in the history of the American stage, there can be but one genuine Park Theatre—one place rich with history and venerable with the dust of antiquity. Mr. Stuart's theatre adds a fourth to the list of those in this city devoted specially to the lighter but high-class drama. Booth's, which next autumn goes into new hands, will essay the heavy legitimate for a while; if this fails, it will go over without hesitation to spectacle and melodrama. This is only too likely to prove the case. The legitimate has now too few actors of real weight and genius to gain metropolitan success. A community of experienced theatre-goers have no wish to see the Shakespearean and what is called the standard drama, unless there is some special excellence in the actors—something more, indeed, we may say, than mere excellence; the future *Hamlet* and *Othello*, and the rest of the grand dramatic figures, must, in order to enlist our interest, come to us with the stamp of genius, and in the hands of a large creative force.



Otherwise we shall prefer the fresh trifles of the hour—the ingenious realisms and tearful emotions and bright vivacities of the French dramatists. Those who may, and many will, attribute this metropolitan proclivity to the frivolous spirit that great cities encourage, will fail to understand the philosophy of the subject. The taste for the *vaudeville* and the comedy and the drama of the day with us arises, as we have intimated, from the largeness of our exactions; we prefer Shakespeare and Massinger in the closet, unless presented with a genius commensurate to the task. Some day, however, an American Kean or Salvini will arise, and we shall crowd in tumultuous numbers to cover him with laurels, and renew our passion for the grand and the heroic drama.

The criticisms appearing in the English journals upon the acting of Mr. Henry Irving, make us hope to see this gentleman ere long on the American boards. An article in a recent number of the *Academy*, written by Mr. Frederick Wetmore, analyzes some of Mr. Irving's methods with care and acumen. We are told that it is the suggestiveness and thoughtfulness of Mr. Irving's acting that make its real value and most lasting charm. He is a master of subtle, double effects, which we often find in poetry and landscape, but very seldom in acting. "At his best times," continues the critic, "he reveals rather than depicts. He is strong enough—and in order to be generally recognized and popular, an actor has to be strong enough—in depicting an emotion which we know beforehand, and classify at once, as rage, love, remorse; but his finer strength consists in the seizure and suggestion of the unsuspected meaning lurking under a simple phrase, and in the analysis of double motive and conflicting sensation, and in the capacity not only to make speech eloquent, but silence more eloquent still." Mr. Wetmore has not exclusive praise for this new dramatic light; an absence of a quick sense of humor prevents him, it seems, from showing the full range of his art. To this criticism it might be asked if even the greatest actors have not had some limitations to a capacity for showing the full range of the art. A fault that, if not checked, will have serious effect upon his permanent reputation, is pointed out as follows: "He has yielded a little, not consciously, to the pleasure of wonder-seeking play-goers, who care not for truth, but for violent shocks to rouse them, and for whom no contortion is too horrible, and no scream too piercing—he has yielded a little to their pleasure, we say, already, by the prolonged death-tortures of Eugene Aram, and even by the too hateful ghastliness of the dying landlord in 'The Bells,' which fulfills, after all, but imperfectly the aim of tragedy, since it does not 'purify by terror and pity,' but only frightens people into unserviceable hysterics. The one thing which Mr. Irving sometimes lacks, almost at the very moment that he is magnificently forcible, is the classic virtue of moderation, which Ristori has when she is most passionate—which Desclée had even when she was most irritably writhing under that *mal du dix-neuvième siècle* of which at the theatre she was the supreme exponent."

The English papers from time to time indulge in a quiet little laugh over the crude and gushing character of musical criticism in this country. A contributor to one of the foremost musical organs in England takes the palm, however, in these remarks on Meyerbeer: "Meyerbeer, in our age, has snatched their secret from Palestrina and Allegri, gathering, from the sublime conception of liturgical genius in former times, its spirit and *mens divini-*

*or*. Would the reader penetrate the inspiration of this music? Let him practise what Bossuet said: 'Listen to your inward self; listen where truth makes itself heard, where are collected pure and simple ideas; listen at that part of the soul so deep and so retired that the senses have no suspicion of it, so distant is it from their region.' To hear the language of this grand music a man must, therefore, descend to the bottom of his soul. . . . There is in Meyerbeer something more than a musician, something more than a poet—there is a contemplative soul which envisages humanity and Nature in God."

"Ready Money Mortiboy" is the title of a new play in London, dramatized from a novel of the same name, which appeared in *Once a Week*, we believe, but which has not been reprinted here. The *Athenaeum* says of the drama, that "the relations between the various characters are confused and unsatisfactory, the springs of motive are inadequate, and the action is incomprehensible to those who know no more than is set before them upon the stage. Want of experience is shown, moreover, in the arrangement of the incidents; what should be vital to the play remains episodic, and important scenes appear to be introduced for no purpose except to impede the progress of the story." An old banker gives his name to the story, a miser with whom money is the one thing that is never ready with him, although he has great possessions.

We learn from the *Athenaeum* that "a request of the managers of the French company at the Holborn Theatre for permission to play the works of Alexandre Dumas, Augier, Feuillet, De Girardin, Sardou, and other writers proscribed by the previous censorship, has been rejected by the new lord-chamberlain. With something that appears intended for humor, the chamberlain employs as his mouth-piece, in his refusal, the same competent gentleman, Mr. Spencer Ponsonby, who has previously, in the same service, covered himself with laurels. In all respects of style and of courtesy, the missive in which this refusal is conveyed is worthy of any discarded official. 'Is, then,' it may be asked, 'the influence of red tape paramount in England, or is the aristocracy fallen to so low a point that it cannot supply one court-functionary who knows the exigencies of art and the rights of literature?'"

Among the recent withdrawals from the world of art to that of aristocratic retirement is the marriage of Mlle. Sophie Stette of the Royal Opera of Munich. The prima donna becomes Baroness von Knigge. She had taken part in seven hundred and forty performances, five hundred and ninety-six having been at Munich, her favorite rôle having been that of *Marguerite*, in "Faust." The king forwarded her a highly-flattering autograph letter, accompanied by the medal for art and science, and, shortly before the marriage ceremony, a splendid bridal bouquet of the choicest flowers.

The opening night of Mr. Mapleson's season at Drury Lane, London, was devoted to the performance of Rossini's antiquated yet beautiful opera, "Semiramide." Mde. Titiens was the representative of the Assyrian heroine, and sang the music with all the superb effect which makes her so unapproachable in this rôle. The crowning glory of the performance, however, was the orchestra, under Sir Michael Costa. This is said to be even finer this year than ever before. Sir Michael received the lion's share of the glory of the evening.

There seems to be a general tendency to revive the operas of the grand old composer, Gluck, in many parts of Europe. His "Armida" is the latest revival, having been performed on a gorgeous scale in Dresden. This, perhaps, may be attributed to the Wagner influence in art, as the great reformer does not hesitate to ascribe to Gluck the first marked illustration of his art-principles. When will some enterprising *impressario* bring out some of the great old operas of Gluck in America?

Miss Minnie Hauck, the charming American prima donna, for so many years the leading favorite in Vienna, has been delighting the Magyars at Pesth by singing in Hungarian. The rôle was that of *Gara Maria*, in Erkel's "Hunyady Laszlo." The enthusiasm of the Hungarians was beyond all

bounds, the Abbate Liszt, who was present, leading in the acclamations of applause.

The Naples Philharmonic Society has recently revived an opera entitled "La Donna di più Caratteri," by Guglielmi, the contemporary of Cimarosa and Paisiello. With this old opera has been revived, also, an old custom: the recitatives are accompanied on the piano, which has resumed, though only for a brief period, its former place in the orchestra.

Some original MSS. of the celebrated Tartini were recently sold at Florence by public auction, as were, also, a violin formerly belonging to him, a wax mask in good preservation, his wig, and his arm chair.

Ponchielli's new opera, "I Lituani," has been produced at the Milan Scala, with considerable success.

## National and Statistical.

### Social Phenomena accompanying Currency Expansion and Contraction.

THE social concomitants of currency expansion and contraction, as revealed by the study of statistics, have never yet received that attention which their importance deserves. The following is a brief essay of the sort, drawn from such authorities as happen to be within easy reach.

First of all, it is necessary to show the alternate periods of currency expansion and contraction. There was rapid expansion from 1843 to 1857, when the currency was continually increased. The period 1857 to 1861 began with gradual contraction, which was followed by perturbation, and finally by rapid contraction, caused by the failures incident to the breaking out of the war. From 1863 to 1865 was a period of extremely rapid expansion, when the currency *per capita* of population was more than doubled in four years. From 1866 to the present time has been a period of gradual contraction.

Statistics of the legal-tender and bank-note currency from the time of the lowest depression, succeeding the crisis of 1837:

Year.	Currency per capita of Population.	Year.	Currency per capita of Population.
1843.....	\$ 6 90	1859.....	\$15 40
1844.....	9 10	1860.....	14 50
1845.....	9 40	1861.....	13 70
1846.....	9 90	1862.....	21 00
1847.....	10 70	1863.....	27 40
1848.....	11 10	1864.....	28 50
1849.....	10 50	1865.....	24 90
1850.....	12 30	1866.....	33 60
1851.....	14 20	1867.....	22 80
1852.....	14 50	1868.....	22 00
1853.....	14 80	1869.....	21 20
1854.....	15 80	1870.....	21 20
1855.....	16 40	1871.....	20 80
1856.....	16 10	1872.....	20 40
1857.....	16 00	1873.....	20 10
1858.....	14 00	1874.....	21 00

### FAILURES IN THE NORTHERN STATES.

The following tables, from the Mercantile Agency reports, show that the number of business failures has kept pace with contraction:

Year.	Currency.	Failures in Northern States.
1859.....	Perturbation.....	2,959
1860.....	Perturbation.....	2,738
1861.....	Contraction.....	5,935
1862.....	Expansion.....	1,632
1863.....	Expansion.....	495
1864.....	Expansion.....	520
1865.....	Expansion.....	530
1866.....	Expansion.....	632
1867.....	Contraction.....	2,386
1868.....	Contraction.....	2,197
1869.....	Contraction.....	2,411
1870.....	Contraction.....	3,170
1871.....	Contraction.....	2,398
1872.....	Contraction.....	3,270
1873.....	Contraction.....	4,259

There were few or no failures during the rapid expansion of the currency from 1862 to 1866, but, the moment the currency was contracted, the annual number of failures increased from 632 to 2,386 at a single jump.

#### EFFECT OF THE PANIC ON SAVINGS-BANKS.

Table showing the monthly deposits and payments of the Philadelphia Saving-Fund Society before and since the panic of September, 1873.

Months 1873-'74.	Deposits.	Payments.
January.....	\$490,264	\$294,681
February.....	344,288	293,483
March.....	383,890	391,895
April.....	399,637	432,989
May.....	380,986	487,696
June.....	366,274	363,596
July.....	466,111	351,368
August.....	363,947	319,153
September.....	323,151	376,341
October.....	177,314	1,137,122
November.....	167,996	558,464
December.....	312,145	330,396
January.....	534,775	324,159
February.....	304,513	654,890
	\$4,917,523	\$6,345,973

The above table tells its own story. The following table shows the

#### LOSSES INCURRED IN FIRE UNDERWRITING SINCE THE CONTRACTION.

The general experience of the fire companies of New York (in other States it is the same) has been most disastrous. While in 1869 their losses did not amount to half the premiums received, in 1870 they rose to more than half, in 1871 to more than all, and in 1872 amounted to 95 per cent. of all.

#### GENERAL EXPERIENCE OF THE NEW-YORK FIRE COMPANIES.

Year.	Fire premiums.	Losses paid.	Losses not paid.	Total losses.	Per cent. of Loss to premium.
1869	\$30,537,000	\$9,684,000	None.	\$9,684,000	.47
1870	30,064,000	11,119,000	None.	11,119,000	.55
1871	17,150,000	13,262,000	8,000,000	21,262,000	1.34
1872	20,285,000*	14,310,000	5,000,000	19,310,000	.95

The following statistics show the total number of fires which occurred in New-York City from 1856 to 1873 inclusive. They increased during contraction, and decreased during expansion:

#### TOTAL FIRES IN NEW-YORK CITY.

Period.	No. of Years.	Currency.	Average annual number of fires, etc.
1856-'60.....	5	Expansion	653
1861.....	1	Contraction	827
1862-'65.....	5	Expansion	729
1867-'73.....	7	Contraction	937

The number of incendiary fires in the above figures is only shown separately to 1860. As, up to 1857, this was a period of expansion, the following numbers merely show that, during expansion, incendiary fires decreased:

#### INCENDIARY FIRES IN NEW YORK.

Year.	Currency.	No. of Incendiary Fires.*
1855.....	Expansion.....	159
1856.....	Expansion.....	100
1857.....	Expansion.....	57
1858.....	Perturbation.....	90
1859.....	Perturbation.....	68

The average proportion of incendiary to all fires was then 30 per cent.; it is now 50.

\* Rates of premium were considerably enhanced this year.  
† These numbers are included in the previous table of all fires in New York.

#### MORAL HAZARD IN WOOLEN-MILLS.

The able report of the National Board of Fire Underwriters thus exhibits the experience of a large Rhode Island insurance company. It commenced insuring woolen-mills in 1861, and made money up to 1863. In 1864 came a depression in the woolen-trade caused by large importations of foreign goods. In 1865 came contraction. In the course of a single year the company lost all it had received as premiums on woolen-mills, and gave up the business. It entered the business again in 1869, lost again, and has since gradually given up writing this class of risks.

Year.	Premiums received.	Losses by Fire.	Net Loss to Company.
1861*	\$4,737	.....	.....
1862*	7,085	\$1,979	.....
1863*	9,376	4,593	.....
1864†	12,439	19,417	\$6,978
1865‡	11,610	15,578	3,968
1866‡	4,023	26,340	22,318
1867**	2,521	..	..
1868**	2,096	..	..
1869††	3,469	5,229	1,760
1870††	791	1,836	1,045
1871**	408	..	..
1872**	262	..	..

#### EFFECT OF CURRENCY ON MARRIAGES.

Ohio is the only one of the States that publishes an annual statistical compendium. The following extract shows that expansion is accompanied by an increase of marriages, and contraction by a diminution:

#### Number of marriages in Ohio.

Year.	Currency.	Marriages.
1862.....	Expansion.....	19,540
1863.....	Expansion.....	19,300
1864.....	Expansion.....	20,881
1865.....	Expansion.....	22,198
1866.....	Expansion.....	20,479
1867.....	Contraction.....	20,230
1868.....	Contraction.....	23,231
1869.....	Contraction.....	23,910
1870.....	Contraction.....	22,811
1871.....	Contraction.....	19,005
1872.....	Contraction.....	18,740

#### CONTRACTION AND CRIME.

Number of persons in prison throughout all the United States on June 1, 1850, 1860, and 1870, respectively, according to the Federal decennial census:

Year.	Currency.	Population.	Persons in prison.
1850.....	Expansion.	23,191,876	6,737
1860.....	Perturbation.	31,443,333	19,086
1870.....	Contraction.	38,559,371	32,900

In 1850, during a period of expansion, but one person in 3,442 was in prison; in 1860, on the eve of the war, one in 1,647; in 1870, since the beginning of contraction, one in 1,172.

Number of indictments for offenses against property found by the courts of Ohio, 1857-'69.

Period.	Years.	Currency.	Indictments.
1857-'61.....	5	Ex. and Per.	Av., 845
1862.....	1	Expansion.	671
1863.....	1	Expansion.	704
1864.....	1	Expansion.	656
1865.....	1	Expansion.	607
1866-'69.....	4	Contraction.	Av., 1,015

#### Homicides and suicides in Ohio.

Period.	Years.	Currency.	Average.
1856-'60.....	5	Expansion.	144
1861.....	1	Contraction.	190
1862-'65.....	4	Expansion.	163
1866-'69.....	4	Contraction.	182

The above statistics are given for what they are worth. To say that they prove any neces-

\* Currency expansion. † Depression in woolen-trade. ‡ Currency contraction. †† Business resumed; continued disastrous effects of contraction. \*\* Business abandoned.

sary connection between expansion and prosperity, would be to say too much. They simply furnish a practical glimpse of certain interesting correspondences, which are offset, doubtless, by correspondences of an opposite character equally interesting.

## Science and Invention.

PROFESSOR ABEL, who has been conducting a series of experiments with gun-cotton and other explosives, arrives at many novel and surprising results. The course of experiment is described as follows:

A loose yarn of gun-cotton, if gently set on fire by a spark, smoulders slowly away, but burns rapidly if lit by a flame. A charge of cotton in blasting a mine or quarry, or in a rifle, explodes after the manner of gunpowder; but if fired by a few grains of fulminate of mercury it "goes off" with terrific violence, and can therefore be applied for blasting purposes on a tremendous scale. Another remarkable fact is, that gun-cotton can be advantageously exploded when damp as when dry, and yet when wet it resists fire as a wet blanket would. But place with it a cake of dry cotton, and fire by means of the fulminate, and the shock will be as terrific as that above mentioned. Moreover, the same effect can be produced under water, with the advantage that a water-tight case to hold the materials is not required. And, as regards speed, it appears that an explosion of gun-cotton travels nearly twenty thousand feet in a second.

Although Italy is already connected with the transalpine world by at least four railways—two over the Simmering and Brenner Passes, the Mont-Cenis line, and the coast-road from Nice to Genoa—there is no direct rail communication with Switzerland, Western Germany, and Belgium. It is for the purpose of securing this intercommunication that the St.-Gothard Tunnel and its connecting lines are being opened. This great work of opening a tunnel, eight miles in length, beneath Mont St.-Gothard, is advancing rapidly, and, by the aid of improved machinery, and the more powerful modern explosives—dynamite and nitro-glycerine—it is hoped that the bore will be completed in the year 1880. From a recent report of their work we learn that the boring-machine employed is the Belgian one of Messrs. Dubois and François, which is capable of giving from three to four hundred blows a minute. The proper direction of the bore, which is straight throughout, is secured in the following simple manner: As the work advances, lamps are hung from the centre of the roof. These are kept in line by means of a stationary telescope, fixed at some distance from the mouth. As this line of vision is constant, the lamps must be vertically in line, or the fault will be at once recognized, and the correction in the direction of the bore may be made. When completed, the length of this tunnel will be twenty-eight hundred yards over that of Mont Cenis.

A Georgia planter has succeeded in securing a valuable return from cotton-plants, the seeds of which were germinated in hot-beds, the plants being afterward set out, as are those of tobacco. From a report of these experiments we learn that long pits were dug, about three or four feet deep, into which were placed rough boxes, resting on planks, filled with manure and soft earth. Into this rich soil the seeds were planted in January. At night, and during the colder days, the pits were covered with

canvas. In April, the usual planting-season, these protected plants were a foot high. As the light boxes rested upon planks, the transplanting was effected by removing these planks, with the plants, to the field, and then slipping the plants into holes dug for them; at the same time raising the box out, and thus the roots were not disturbed. The result was a yield of two bales to the acre, with no need of additional manure, as with the young crop planted in the usual way.

The introduction of Pullman drawing-room and sleeping-cars into England appears to have been eminently successful. The trial-trip was made in cars built in this country for the Midland Railway Company. "The verdict," says the *English Mechanic*, "is very much in favor of the cars. The carriages are so well mounted that oscillation is reduced to a minimum; and they are so costly and comfortably fitted up that certainly a moiety of the inconveniences are eliminated from the Pullman car." Such a verdict, although reasonably expected, cannot but be gratifying to the American inventor; and we can readily appreciate the comfort of these cars when run upon the smooth and heavily-ballasted English roads.

At a recent meeting of the scientific committee of the Royal Horticultural Society, Rev. M. J. Berkely called attention to Professor Panceri's paper on cryptogamic vegetation found within the egg of an ostrich. From the report, we learn that the egg when recovered by Professor Panceri was still fresh, the air-space not having yet been formed. Having, however, soon noticed the appearance of dark blotches within the shell, he broke it open and discovered that the spots were due to the growth of minute fungi. A case of kindred character was mentioned by Mr. Berkely, he having found *Cladosporium verbarum* in the interior of an ordinary fowl's-egg.

M. de Sainte-Marie, the French consul at Tunis, has recently procured a Phœnician inscription of peculiar interest. Though mutilated along the edges, enough remains to determine its general character, which is that of a daily ritual for the offering of first-fruits at some autumnal festival, together with a hymn or prayer, evidently a portion of the offertory service. Besides the fact that this is the first instance in the ritual of an offering of first-fruits, the value is enhanced, owing to the presence of one or two new Phœnician words. The inscription, with a full commentary by M. Denonbourg, will be published in the next number of the *Journal Asiatique*.

The English projectors of another arctic exploring expedition, having failed to convince the Gladstone ministry as to the propriety of a national appropriation, now turn with hope to the new government. It will be remembered that certain of the Conservative candidates, previous to election, expressed themselves in favor of a liberal patronage of science; and the time has now come for the redemption of these pledges, and we are not surprised to learn that the promoters of this new scheme think that they will meet with better treatment from Mr. Disraeli than from Gladstone.

The commission appointed by the Government of Peru to ascertain the quality and quantity of the guano found on the main-land is said to have reported that it finds enough of this valuable product to pay off the foreign debt of that country, an indebtedness equal to thirty-six million pounds sterling. These beds are situated at a point called Pavellon de Pica,

and are estimated to contain six million tons of good guano. There is also evidence that the value of this product was known to the ancient Peruvians.

The Italian Government is to send out four expeditions for the observation of the transit of Venus. The instrument mainly to be depended upon is the spectroscopic. As the English parties do not intend to employ this instrument, *Nature* closes its announcement of the fact by saying: "Truly they manage these things better in France, and not only in France but in America and Italy."

The editor of the new French scientific journal, *La Nature*, is announced as having about completed a series of observations for calculating the amount of atmospheric dust falling each day. This amount, according to a rough estimate, M. Tisandier states to be several pounds, in twelve hours, over a surface somewhat less than half a square mile.

It is estimated that, in its course through the chalk districts, the river Thames annually removes from its bed and banks one hundred and forty tons of carbonate of lime for every square mile of surface with which its waters come in contact.

### Contemporary Sayings.

"THE conversation of old men of ability, before they have passed into the stage of imbecility," says Dr. Beard, "is usually richer and more instructive than the conversation of the young; for in conversation we simply distribute the treasures of memory, as a store hoarded during long years of thought and experience. Conversation is, therefore, justly regarded as the lightest form of intellectual labor, and grows easier as we grow older, because we have greater resources to draw from. He who thinks, as he converses, is a poor companion, as he who must earn his money before he spends any, is a poor man. When an aged millionaire makes a liberal donation, it costs him nothing; he but gives out of abundance that has resulted by natural accumulation from the labors of his youth and middle life. When an old man utters great thoughts, it is not age but youth that speaks through the lips of age; his ideas which, in their inception and birth, drew heavily on the productive powers of the brain, are refined, resolved, and disseminated almost without effort."

Miss Emily Faithful, in a letter to the *London Times* on the question of employment for women, says that her sex should abandon the "truly feminine notion" that they can jump into employment without previous training. Hundreds of women, she tells us, apply every week at the 'Bureau' in Præd Street. When they are asked what they can do, they make a reply which reminds us of the formula employed by waiters at an ordinary British inn. To the question, 'What can I have for dinner?' the stereotyped reply is, 'Whatever you please;' under which must be understood the condition, so long as you are satisfied with chops or steaks. In like manner the ladies reply that they are ready for any employment, so long, that is, as the employment requires no knowledge and no skill." The *Saturday Review*, in reply to this, thinks that "this theory of the inutility of previous training is not merely a feminine notion, but is current in many circles, and may be called a 'truly British notion.'"

"There is, indeed," remarks the *Saturday Review*, "a poetry of pure skepticism, but it implies that rare combination of qualities which is typified by Hamlet. A man may have strong feelings about the world, and yet have a constitutional incapacity for making up his mind to accept any decided theory. His skepticism is the result, not of a frigid temperament, but of an over-refining intellect; and, in such a case, his doubts may become a torture, and express themselves in poetry which

certainly need not be shallow, though we may not approve its tendency. It expresses the emotions of a thinker who is unlucky enough to sympathize in turn with all sides of every question, not of one who is equally indifferent to all. Hamlets, however, are an exceedingly rare commodity in the world, and their rarity is hardly to be regretted from the moralist's point of view."

A woman correspondent of the *London Spectator* pleads for the right to use her needle on Sunday, a day "which would be more cheerful to many women if the weariness of idleness was not imposed upon them. There are many women unfitted to bear the strain on their mental faculties of employment in reading or writing during the whole day, and who, for want of their ordinary resource of knitting or other needle-work, find the time pass tediously, and are secretly glad when the day comes to an end. If we are well persuaded that this sacrifice of time, temper, and happiness, is required by God, and is well pleasing to him, by all means let us continue to offer it; but if we doubt whether this is the spiritual service He has commanded, let us call reason to our aid to determine the question, and do not let us be ashamed to abide by its decision."

A writer is of the opinion that "femininity is the offering of gentility. Out of the classes which claim to be genteel we hear nothing about it. The laborer knows that his wife and daughters must take their share of work in keeping the family, and the question is not what work is feminine, but what work a woman can get paid for doing. As a rule, the perception by men of the unfeminine character of any kind of labor arises and grows very keen only when the labor is remunerative and carries with it any social privilege or dignity. No ill-paid or unpaid drudgery, however hard or coarse, has been too hard or coarse for women. On the contrary, it is assigned to her because it is distasteful to the stronger sex."

"It is a pregnant lesson," says Bayard Taylor, writing from Germany, "that no amount of inexorable necessity in accepting a struggle of the kind, of pure patriotism in making it victorious, or of popular will to draw lasting good from its results, can avert the moral—or immoral—reaction which follows war. I am not yet sure that the five milliards—justified only by the law of retaliation—will not prove a curse to Germany. They have already produced an inflation similar to that caused by our national currency, a mania for speculation, the founding of sorts of 'wild-cat' enterprises, and a rise of prices so rapid and arbitrary as to create new and unexpected embarrassments in all departments of office or industry."

"Nothing," according to *Every Saturday*, debating "mutual admiration societies," "is more contemptible than the spirit of praise which is given only for the sake of a return in kind of the same base coin. Praise, hoping for nothing in return; that is the golden rule of true literary recognition; be quick to discover and own the merit that lies in this or that venturer, and thereby give him the hand that helps; but grasp his hand, that he may pull you across to fame, when you profess to be helping him—send a glow through him that he may turn and give you a like pleasure, and the best thing in the world becomes a base counterfeit that every one gladly nails to the counter with the hard, quick blow of a contemptuous phrase."

A critic, in *Cornhill*, on Dr. Johnson, says that his style was formed on the giants of the seventeenth century, and especially upon Sir Thomas Browne. The complex structure of the sentence of this period was, perhaps, to Dr. Johnson, a pleasant contrast to "an ear saturated with the Gallicized neatness of Addison and Pope. Unluckily, the secret of the old majestic cadence was hopelessly lost. The very faculty of hearing seems to change in obedience to some mysterious law at different stages of intellectual development; and that which to one generation is delicious music is to another a mere droning of bagpipes or the grinding of monotonous barrel-organs."

In a Japanese account of European manners and customs, of which a translation was lately read by Professor Severini, before a learned society at Flor-



ence, the author states that swinging forms a regular part of a European boy's education, "in order that—having to seek his fortune in distant lands—he may not suffer from sea-sickness." The foreigners, "although good men of business and excellent horsemen," neglect, according to the Japanese writer, "that philosophical and literary culture so much esteemed by our own countrymen." Their habits of life, however, are eminently respectable; indeed, "they are as clean in their persons as the Japanese themselves."

Mr. Proctor thinks there are several reasons for believing that the planet Jupiter is not inhabited. The first is its distance from the sun, which so greatly diminishes the amount of heat received that our lecturer believes it to be inefficient to sustain life of any kind. Another reason is, that the apparent changes in color of the planet's surface, ascribed by all astronomers to the changes in the cloud-masses in its atmosphere, are so great and sudden that Mr. Proctor thinks the heat of the sun is an inadequate cause for them; and that the planet itself must be in a heated state approaching incandescence.

"Real progress," the Rev. O. B. Frothingham is of opinion, discussing the suppression of vice, "is a thing of slow growth. Spasmodic efforts to advance a cause produce a reaction which sets it back at a point behind where it was before. He believed that the principle of suppression could not be brought successfully against any vice founded on habit, passion, or appetite. Must we, then, he asked, let evil go on in its own way unchecked? No, he answered; a thousand times no! What was needed was a return to the old theory of discipline."

"It would be well," remarks the *Nation*, "if the Centennial could show in some form, graphic, symbolic, or literary—historical, the characteristics of the several decades since the Declaration of Independence. In any such representation, we should have the years immediately preceding and succeeding 1840 grouped into what might be called the 'yeasty period,' when, along with the antislavery agitation, the temperance agitation, the incipient stages of the woman's-rights agitation, was witnessed the rise of a cloud of isms which enveloped the reformer like a mist."

The *Tribune*, writing of the reported offer of the rectorship of the University of Glasgow to Emerson, says: "To dub this leader of human thought rector of any university, however lofty and well-meant an honor, appears to us ill fitting and a mistake—something like the sprig of bloom on the

head of a crowned Plantagenet. We choose rather to think of him, untitled and uncomplicated, yonder in his old house in Concord, or pacing unnoticed up and down among the grove of pines, which has known him so long."

The *Tribune*, comparing Professor Proctor and Professor Tyndall as lecturers, says: "Tyndall was a slow, deliberate speaker, with few of the graces of an orator; but his kindly earnestness shone through his speech, and his audience warmed to him with a species of affection. Proctor was the most rapid and fluent speaker that has for many years taxed the swift pencils of our reporters. He seemed never at a loss for breath or words, and his rapid oratory often rose into strains of eloquence."

A correspondent of the *Examiner*, speaking of the genius of women, declares that "it is no mere coincidence which gives us Mrs. Browning, Rosa Bonheur, Miss Hosmer, contemporaneously with Mrs. Somerville, Miss Cobbe, and George Eliot. It is, we repeat, to the works of such women as these we appeal, when we prophesy as to what women may yet accomplish."

Mr. P. T. Barnum claims to be second to no man in his love for America and republican institutions, "shockingly as they have been abused by demagogues, political official thieves, and railroad and other monopolists." We should now hear the opinion of the "railroad and other monopolists" upon Mr. P. T. Barnum.

## The Record.

### A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

**APRIL 2.**—Advices from Spain: General De Rodas marching to the relief of Serrano with 5,000 men.

Advices from Acheen: Fearful ravages among Dutch troops by cholera. Army reduced from 13,400 to 4,000. Since the taking of the Kraton, all fighting has ceased. The Achinese refuse to listen to any thing tending to an amicable settlement while the enemy is on Achinese soil.

Death, in London, of the Marquis of Downshire, aged thirty.

**APRIL 3.**—Advices from Spain: Reports that a revolt has broken out in Bilbao, and only half of the Carlist forces were engaged in the recent battles. General Santes will shortly march upon Madrid, and cut off Serrano's communication.

Advices that the insurrection of Saga, Japan, was brought to an end on the 1st of March.

Advices from Cape Coast Castle that an embassy had arrived there from the Ashantee king. Report

that King Koffee refuses to discontinue human sacrifices, and disputes the amount of the indemnity.

**APRIL 4.**—Advices from Japan: Eruption of the volcano Fooseiyano on February 8th. The old military classes are much discontented at the idea of receiving a fixed compensation instead of annual pensions.

Deaths: At Paris, March 8th, Susan Virginia Benton Bollieu, daughter of the late Senator Thomas H. Benton, and wife of Baron Bollieu, aged thirty-nine. At London, March 16th, John G. Neville, aged eighty-seven, once distinguished in the dramatic profession.

**APRIL 5.**—Advices from Spain: Active operations in front of Bilbao resumed on the 3d instant, with the bombardment of Abanto by republican forces. General Tristany reported to have surprised and captured a detachment of 600 republicans near Calaf, one hundred and forty-five miles from Barcelona.

Death, at Paris, of Charles E. Beule, distinguished classical scholar, and member of the Assembly, aged forty-eight.

**APRIL 6.**—General José de la Concha assumed the duties of Captain-General of Cuba.

Advices that General Gonzales, President-elect of Santo Domingo, has issued a decree declaring the contract with the Samana Bay Company null and void.

Advices from Brazil: The Bishop of Pernambuco, under trial for excommunicating freemasons, in obedience to order of a papal bull, but in disregard of an order of government, found guilty of high crimes and misdemeanor, and sentenced to four years' imprisonment.

Death, at New York, of John W. Edmonds, ex-Judge of the Supreme Court, and well known as author of several books on spiritualism; aged seventy-five.

Election in Connecticut; Democratic candidate Ingersoll elected governor.

The U. S. Senate pass a bill fixing the legal tender and national bank-note circulation at \$400,000,000 each.

**APRIL 7.**—Intelligence that the French transatlantic steamer *Europe* was abandoned at sea in a sinking condition April 4th. Passengers and crew saved by steamer *Greece*.

Advices from Madrid that Marshal Serrano has again begun a furious cannonade on Bilbao. Large numbers of Carlists deserting.

Issue of a proclamation by Captain-General Concha, of Cuba, promising to take strong measures to put an end to the rebellion, diminish public expenses, and restore prosperity to the island.

Advices from Mexico: Severe shock of earthquake in Guerrero. The soldiers who took part in the recent murder of Rev. Mr. Stephens, the Boston missionary, arrested.

**APRIL 8.**—Report from London that the *Feejee Islands* had been formally tendered to Great Britain.

Death, at Munich, of William von Kaulbach distinguished painter, aged sixty-nine.

Bolter-explosion at the Jngtown Tunnel, near Plattenburg, N. J.; four men killed.

## Business Notices.

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